Sports Illustrated

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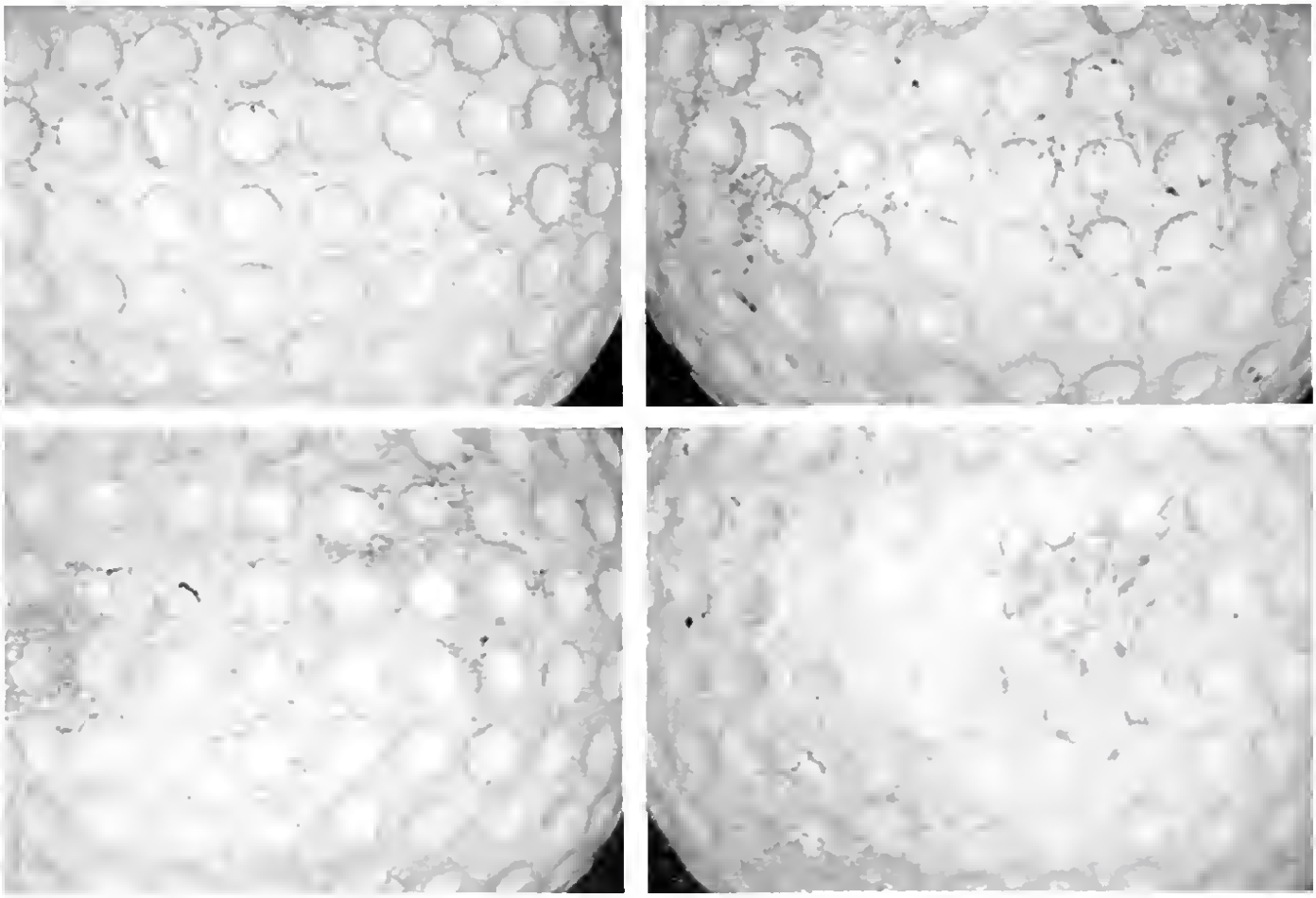

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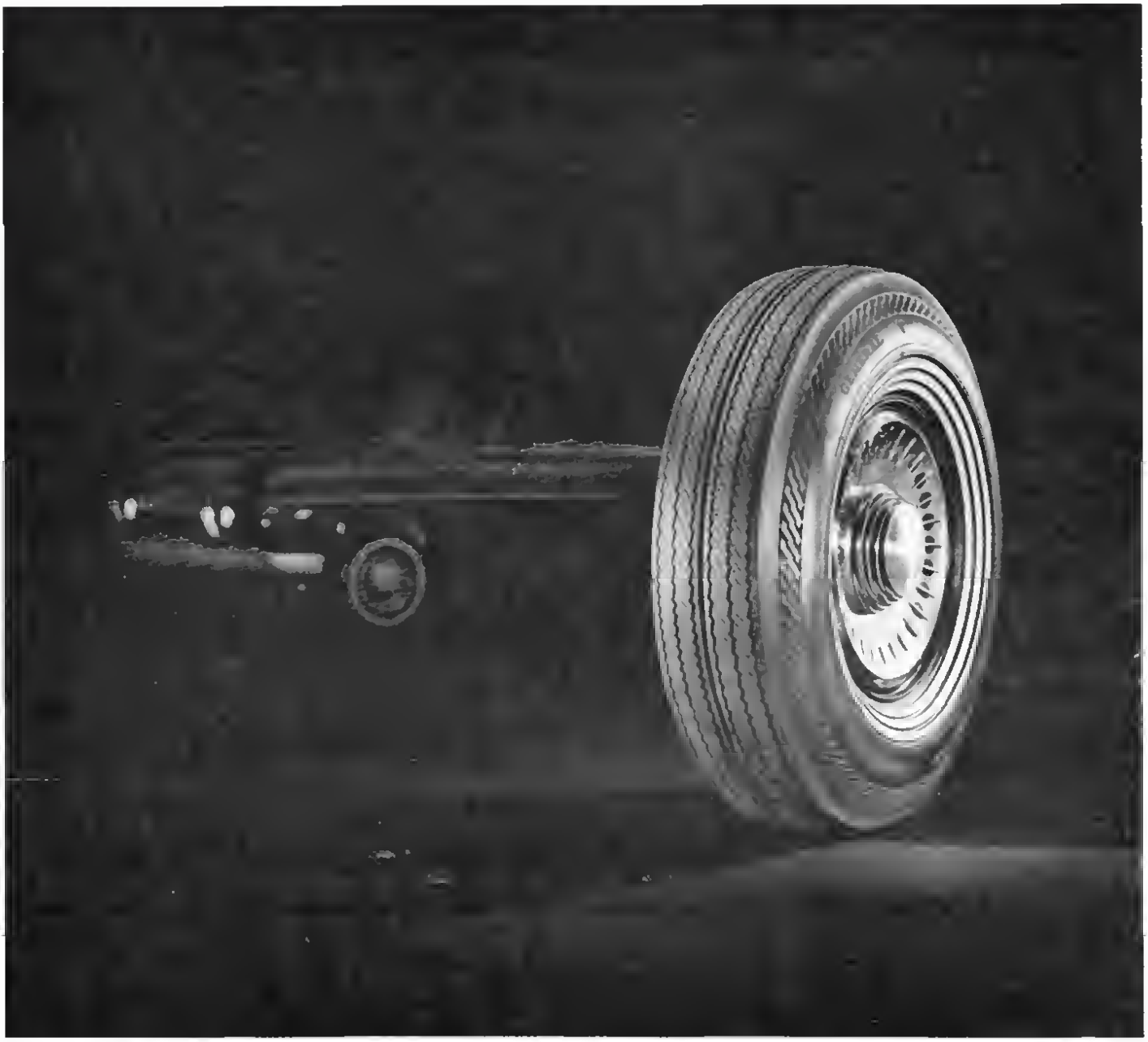

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GENERAL TIRE

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Next week

THE U.S. OPEN Championship is decided at Brookline; Alfred Wright will be there to tell of the strokes and strategy that enabled the winner to conquer the field and the course.

OCEAN RACING is a photogenic and challenging sport. Both aspects are explored in words and color photography as racing yachts head out across the two biggest oceans.

IN THE SOUTH SEAS the Club Méditerranée has established one of its 27 "total vacation" villages. Gilbert Rogin describes a visit to Moorea and the nature of the club itself.

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That's my boy!

I've often thought that Bud's track victories would be hard to preserve. I remember the thrills okay, but the details get hazy as time passes and he grows up and out of our family life.

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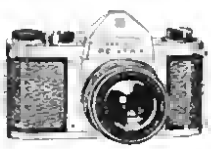

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Sometime last summer, fifteen people saw an ad like this one. And they did something about it: they had their Chevron Dealer put belts in their cars. Later, they sent us letters that went like this: "If it were not for your seat belts, I wouldn't be here today."

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Maybe you think accidents always happen to the other guy. But fifteen people who suddenly became the "other" guy escaped tragedy last year because they acted on an ad like this one. Make a date with your Chevron Dealer to install belts this week. And have him fill your tank with Chevron Supreme—the great super-premium gasoline.

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Avis is only No. 2 in rent a cars. So we have to try harder.

Even if it's only a marked-up map in the glove compartment or you waited longer than you felt you should, please don't shrug it off.

Bug us.

Our people will understand. They've been briefed.

They know we can't afford to hand you anything less than a new car like a lively, super-torque Ford. And it's got to be immaculate, inside and out.

Otherwise, make a noise.

A Mr. Meadow of New York did.

He searched and came up with a gum wrapper.

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SCORECARD

THE HELL OF IT

The letter came in a plain white envelope, postmarked Havana, addressed to Gordon Bridge of the Armed Forces Radio Service. In labored, purposeful English, it read:

La Habana, May 27, 1963

Mr. Bridge:

I am writting you in the name of several hundreds of fans in Cuba which would like to request a favor from you.

As you should know half of the population in Cuba are real good fans of the Major Leagues Base Ball. Due to the situation that we are now passing through, a disgrace, this hell that is the so eall socialism, we hardly know about whats going on in the Majors. Thanks to the World of Sport at 1.30 p.m. and the Game that you broadcast every day, we get some news. Only one of the Newspaper of the five edited daily publish the results. No other details are permitted to be printed. In the years before, when Cuba was free and happy we use to have around 15 newspaper printed daily, and in every one you could read all the things that happens in the World about sports. Today is a crime to publish something about sports in the United States. Only news permitted are from countries behind the iron curtain; we are saturated and feel nauseated with news about foot ball soccer, chest game, gynnastic, and those kinds of silly sports practiced in the Comunist Contries. We know something about U.S.A. only when is defeated in a competition against Russia. The victory in Basket Ball of Russia over U.S.A. in Brazil was printed in HIGH BIG LETTERS.

But let me express our request: we would like that the very good broadeasters Curt Flood and George Balamasey (my excuss if this name is not written properly) in the course of the game that you broadcast daily, would let us know the roaster of the teams in both leagues, very slow, so we can take notes, because many changes have taken place in the majors, we are really confused about what team is playing some player.

Thanking you in advance and for the fine broadcast that the Arm Forces produces every day, which are the only way of comunication with the democratic world of sport for the cubans we remain very sincerely yours

Gregorio ———

P.D. Forgive me for not given my addres; reasons . . . *Comunismo.*

Gregorio meant Curt Block and George Balamaci, who will honor his request. Other than that, his message was perfectly clear.

BLESSED IS A BIRDIE

A fellow named Bob Becker was playing golf last week in Houston with his friend, the Rev. Bob Haley. The reverend lined up a tee shot smack in front of a gaping water hazard, one fairly brimming with stricken golf balls. His shot was less than ethereal. The ball skittered for the lake, hit, skipped, skipped a second time, plopped out of the water and, at long last, trickled wetly onto the green, 10 feet from the cup. Did the Rev. Haley sink the putt? He did, for a birdie, for heaven's sake.

SEPARATE AND UNEQUAL

Inequality of competition is a persistent danger to the good health of the American Football League. The league's two worst teams, the Oakland Raiders and New York Jets (formerly the Titans), are not easy to look at and must be improved. This is especially true of the Jets, because the New York team is by tradition a vital gate attraction—vital to the league's financial condition, but an attraction only when fans in other cities can be proud and not pitying when New York is beaten.

The AFL tried last week to minister to its sickly brethren through an "equalization" draft. They didn't try very hard. From the surplus of mediocrity that was proffered the Jets took a couple of rookies nobody ever heard of, at $2,500 apiece, and the Raiders got Defensive Halfback Claude Gibson from San Diego for $7,500. One can see why this would not move either club toward complacency. The frantic Raiders went out and hired Linebacker Bill Leeka, who played for UCLA five years ago. They got him off the lot at Twentieth Century-Fox. His action time since 1958 has included a substantial number of bit parts in movies and one sensational television beer commercial.

LIVING LIKE A DOG

There was a time when a little lamb could be counted on to act like one, to be gentle and meek and follow Mary, but in Watford in Hertfordshire there is a sheep that chases around with sheep dogs, eats dog food, walks on a lead, answers to his name, senses like a dog, smells like a dog and refuses to take any stuff off a dog because, poor dreamer, he thinks he is one. The schizophrenic is named Larry and he was raised with puppies in a National Canine Defence League program to help cure bad dogs of sheep worrying

(savage pestering). To pull wool over Larry's eyes, Trainer Frank Petit starved him for 24 hours, then put him in a compound with a sheep-chasing sheep dog and a bowl of food. Larry doggedly held his own, even with tough Alsatians. Said Petit: "He sent them flying with a butt of his head. They limped away, shocked."

A goat named Coronet was brought up with Larry and also believes he is a dog, except he takes the business more seriously. Coronet is used on real tough cases. He "chases the dog round and round a field until, at last, the dog is glad to be buddies." Police are now sending sheep worriers to Petit instead of having them destroyed. Dale Carnegie should do so well. Petit has had 18 successful personality transformations without a miss. Larry, good sheep dog that he is,

continued

Don't kick it.

That won't tell you a thing about your tires. Look at them, instead.

Are the tires too low? That's dangerous on long trips. They flex too much at high speeds. And the heat build-up could tear them apart.

If the tread wear is uneven your wheels may need aligning. Or balancing. Or it could be that you're not rotating tires every 5000 miles. (Try it. You'll get more wear from your tires.)

And remember. Tires stop the car. Brakes just stop the wheels. So don't drive on a tread-bare tire.

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Two things to remember when you drive. Every couple of weeks, take a good look at your tires. And when you look for replacements, get nylon cord tires.

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has in the meanwhile become Petit's special pet. The only snag in his metamorphosis was the day Petit put him into the field with some other sheep. He chased them.

THE CAMPAIGNER

We thought he was, but now we may never know whether Candy Spots is truly a great horse, because 1) he is being raced to a frazzle on a schedule better suited to the Harlem Globetrotters and 2) he is being ridden less than brilliantly by Jockey Willie Shoemaker. In the nine months prior to his loss to Chateaugay in the Kentucky Derby, Candy Spots ran six times, barely enough to keep him awake, and won them all. Since then, whistle-stopping at a new track every time, he has raced in four stakes in less than a month. After losing again to Chateaugay in the Belmont two weeks ago, he was shipped to Chicago's Washington Park, 20 hours by van, and last week finished second in the Chicagoan to B. Major, a horse he previously had beaten by nine lengths and 13 lengths.

Shoemaker came off his middling ride in the Belmont to do worse in the Chicagoan. In the stretch, with Trainer Mesh Tenney crying for him to "switch the whip, Bill, switch the whip," Shoemaker made no switch, kept pounding Candy Spots on the right side and pounded him right into second place by a neck. Trainer Tenney would not criticize him, but clearly this jockey was not meant for this horse, or vice versa.

As for the schedule, Tenney said Candy Spots grows faster than he runs and needs action to stay trim. Owner Rex Ellsworth said greed (for the big purses) had nothing to do with it. But after all, he added, "you have to run a 3-year-old as much as you can before he is turned over to the handicappers." Tenney was more succinct: "These are big races," he said, "and our stable happens to be in the business of running in big races. Very simple." Happily for Candy Spots, the next big one is not until the American Derby, July 13.

THE TRUTH ABOUT MANAGERS

As most every seasoned second-guesser knows, baseball managers make a lot of money making a lot of mistakes, but there has never been any statistical evidence of that truth. Until now. Two Baltimoreans, Earnshaw Cook, a retired consultant engineer, and Dr. Wendell R. Garner, chairman of the Johns Hopkins University department of psychology, have catalogued 750,000 situations that occurred in the majors, and their report —*Percentage Baseball—A Practical Application of Elementary Probability Theory*—is as imperious as its title and shows conclusively that there isn't a manager around who would go "by the book" if it came for 25¢ and a Wheaties box top. Debunkers Cook and Garner have them dead to figures: a bad manager, they show, will cost his team 250 runs a year. By contrast, a really good manager will cost his team only 40 runs a year. Platooning is worth 80 runs to the other team, sacrifice bunting costs about 100 runs. Allowing pitchers to bat —except for fine-hitting pitchers who are as abundant as whooping cranes (SI, June 10)—any time the team is behind or less than two runs ahead costs up to 168 runs a year.

Cook does not expect managers to pay the report any mind. He's a statistician, he says, and a baseball fan, and "I just do it to amuse myself."

BUGGED

Mr. Joseph Granatelli is appalled to think that some people would try to ram progress through his property. Granatelli owns three big, heavy Novi cars. They started, but did not finish, the Indianapolis 500-mile race. He is alarmed by the lightweight (1,130 pounds) Lotus-Fords which placed second and seventh. Alarmed for himself, he says, and the 60-odd owners of conventional "500" Offenhauser roadsters. It is unfair, Granatelli contends in a formal request to the U.S. Auto Club, for "bugs" like the Lotus-Fords to "obsolete our equipment overnight." He wants to make the world safe for Novis and Offies by having a minimum weight for Indy cars—one so high that it would neatly disbar Lotus-Fords and such. The word from Indianapolis, however, is that he *is* unlikely to get his way. "I would be very much surprised," said one influential man, "if any minimum weight is established." And while Mr. Granatelli is learning that the thorn in his side *is* progress, Parnelli Jones, the "500" winner in an Offenhauser, is talking seriously about switching to a Lotus-Ford in 1964.

LISTON AND CLAY

Sonny Liston's manager, Jack Nilon, will be at ringside when Cassius Clay fights Henry Cooper in London this week, "hoping and praying," he says,

continued

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and we believe him, "that Cassius wins so I can get him signed to fight Sonny for the title." The probable site: Philadelphia's 100,000-seat Municipal Stadium on September 30. Clay's management would prefer to wait a year, but Liston wants Cassius now, while he's still unbeaten, unsilent and unready. The second contingency, of course, is that Liston beat Floyd Patterson next month in Las Vegas. That *could* be considered a contingency. High rollers say Floyd's fate there was sealed, however, the day he agreed to live at isolated Hidden Wells Guest Ranch, where Liz Taylor and Eddie Fisher began their honeymoon.

TO BE SUITABLE

Charles Finley, owner of the Athletics and baseball's most dashing haberdasher, liked the way the White Sox looked with their names across their backs and decided to do the same for his A's, already fetchingly gotten up in deep-sea green and glowing gold and embarrassed pink. But Finley was balked by his own invention: the Athletics' uniform is of the vest type. The limited space became Finley's bed of Procrustes, namewise. He had to fool around with half measures, turning George Alusik into "Turk" and Jerry Lumpe into "Lump." It was left to Baseball Writer Joe McGuff to think big about little names. Finley, said McGuff, should trade away the men whose names don't fit. Trade Norm Siebern for Norm Cash, Lump Lumpe for Nellie Fox, Wayne Causey for Woodie Held. At third, Finley should have Pete Ward instead of Ed Charles, and Catcher Edwards must go in favor of Catcher Lau. The outfield of Del Greco, Cimoli and Alusik is out. The outfield of Lock, Reed and King is in.

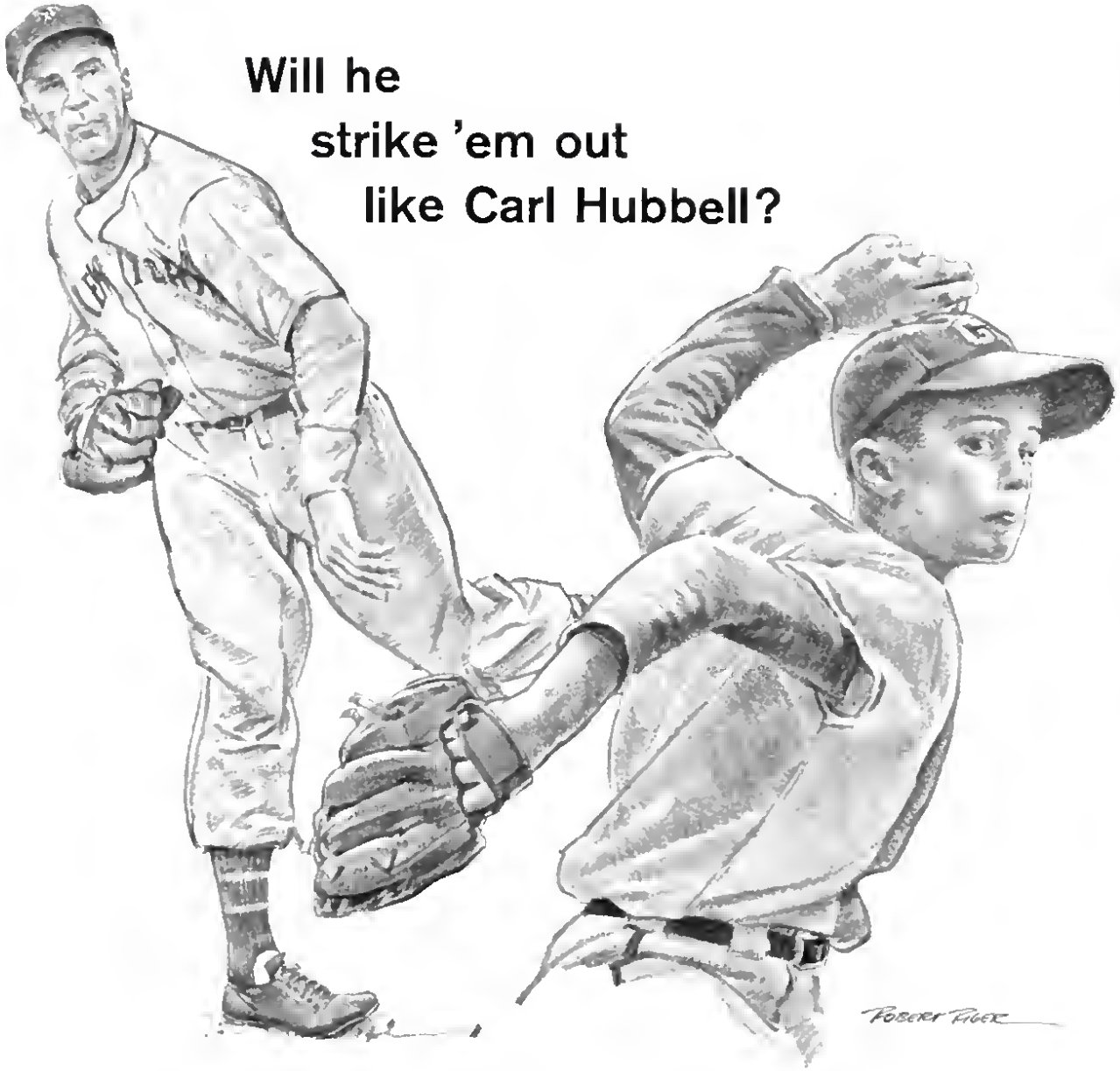
That solves the problem, all right, McGuff, except for Owner Finley, who then must trade himself for Del Webb.

THEY SAID IT

• Charley James, Cardinal outfielder, on how he likes splitting left-field duty with Stan Musial: "Stan and I get along very well. He goes his way and I go mine. Stan goes to the deposit window, and I go to the credit department."

• Elgin Baylor, Los Angeles Lakers ace, on his unusual first name: "At the time my daddy was wearing a new watch. When the doctor told him I'd arrived, he checked the time and decided to name me after the watch." **END**

Will he strike 'em out like Carl Hubbell?



In the All-Star game of 1934, Carl Hubbell faced one of the toughest assignments of his career—pitching to Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig, Jimmy Foxx, Al Simmons, Joe Cronin. What happened is history. With his southpaw screwball working to perfection, he struck them out—the greatest hitters of their day—in succession.

Not every youngster can be a Carl Hubbell. In fact, very few even participate in organized sporting events, much less become stars. But every young person—if only a spectator—can be as physically fit as the star athlete.

Never before has physical fitness, particularly the fitness of our young people, been more important than it is today. President Kennedy has stated: "The strength of our democracy is no greater than the collective well-being of our people. . . . The level of physical fitness of every American citizen must be our constant concern."

To support the President's program, Equitable has prepared a special film: "Youth Physical Fitness —A Report to the Nation." If you would like to borrow a print of this film for showing to community groups, contact your nearest Equitable office or write to Equitable's home office.

For an attractive 7¾ x 11 inch reproduction of this drawing, send your name and address and the words, Carl Hubbell, *to: Equitable, G P O. Box 1828, N Y 1, N. Y.*

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Sports Illustrated
JUNE 24, 1963

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO BILL HARTACK?

Breaking his self-imposed silence for the first time and, he says, for the last, the fiery, controversial jockey who once could choose his horses talks bluntly about his long season in exile **by JACK OLSEN**

After years of astounding success, one of America's finest athletes has vanished from the newspapers as suddenly and as thoroughly as Sonny Tufts. Not a day goes by that some fans do not look up from their hot-eyed perusal of tip sheets to ask the rhetorical question: Whatever happened to Bill Hartack? Sure, they know where he is riding. But they really mean: What *happened* to him? He did not have a mount in the Kentucky Derby, the Preakness or the Belmont. He had a poor season at Hialeah (he finished sixth in the jockey standings) and at Gulfstream (third). Poor seasons, that is, for Bill Hartack, a 113-pound superstar who, at 30, can look back on 3,200 winners, 200 stakes victories, three Kentucky Derby triumphs and something like $18 million rung up on the cash registers of owners who thought he was a headache but a pleasant one. Then, almost overnight, eclipse.

But an eclipse does not happen silently to someone as controversial as Bill Hartack. He has never been a student of Amy Vanderbilt, and he has not absorbed the golden lessons of such works as *How to Win Friends and Influence People*. In the avalanche that has been his career, he left behind more enemies than any athlete since Ted Williams (whom, by no coincidence, he admires deeply). And now every railbird he ignored, every jockey he insulted, every writer he refused to talk to, every trainer he tried to give unwanted advice, every owner he addressed patronizingly and every steward he snubbed are in the pack nipping at his spurs. As Hartack said recently in what he insists will be his only interview about his riding:

"The thing that bothers me is I came on the racetrack when I was 18 years old and I knew nothing about horses, absolutely nothing, and I really made a dedicated thing out of it. I swore to myself, I swore on my mother's grave, I swore that I'd do everything I could to be honest and to try to win. Not *hope* to win. Hoping, man, hoping doesn't get it. I'm not gonna hope that my horse wins. I've seen too many people hope. They live on hopes and they live on dreams. I don't. I go out there to do everything in my power to win, not to hope. And then I'm disliked for my attitude. Evidently the way I operate is distasteful to certain people. It insults 'em, and the funny part about it is that insulting anybody is the last thing that's on my mind. I don't believe in being insulting to anyone, but I do believe in telling the truth, and if it's taken as an insult, well, then I can't help it."

Hartack's full biography will have to be written by a war correspondent. A few examples of his behavior will suffice to show that he is on a par with Alexander of Macedonia for belligerent independence:

- In front of Hialeah's biggest racing crowd in two years, Hartack climbed off Fred W. Hooper's Greek Circle, a 4-to-5 favorite, and announced that the horse was not fit to ride. A vet examined the horse and announced otherwise. Hartack refused to ride, told Hooper "The horse is sore," and walked away. Greek Circle was scratched and track officials, kicking and screaming, had to refund $136,089 that already had been bet on the horse.
- At Tropical Park, Hartack dismounted from First Fair at the starting gate and told the starter that the horse was sore and had tried to "fall down behind." The track vet examined First Fair and said that Hartack was wrong. A substitute jockey took over and First Fair finished last.

continued

Hartack: "I don't believe in insulting anyone, but I believe in telling the truth. If it's taken as an insult, then I can't help it."

Photograph by Jerry Cooke

© 1963 Time Inc.

• Hartack feuded famously with his former agent, Chick Lang, once bawled him out loudly in front of hundreds of people. Lang stayed quiet until he got Hartack alone, then said, "You little s.o.b., you do that again and I'll break your skull." Later Lang said, "I don't think it made the slightest impression on him."

• Hartack was so surly with track personnel at Pimlico that he became the subject of a memorandum unique in the history of racing. The director of publicity, Charles Johnson, wrote his staff: "I cannot in good conscience instruct you to make any effort in connection with photographs, interviews or quotes from W. Hartack inasmuch as his frequent ungentlemanly conduct makes it likely that your effort would be rewarded only with unprovoked abuse and insult."

The net result of such behavior is the pickle Hartack now finds himself in. The simple fact is that he is not getting good mounts. The big owners, with few exceptions, are using other boys. Is he riding poorly? A few trainers say yes, but the closer one gets to the track where Hartack is actually working, the more one hears that his riding is as skillful, as knowledgeable, as bold as ever. There is unanimity on only one point, and it is expressed by a prominent trainer: "The feeling against Hartack has been building up for a long time, a sort of slow process of souring on him. Nobody denies that he's a good rider, a very good one. But the trouble is that too often he's opened his mouth when he should have kept it shut."

For years, even when he was winning everything in sight, Hartack was annoying trainers by telling them, often in the flattest, bluntest terms, what was wrong with their horses. He does not intend to change. "I've been riding horses for 10 years now," he says, "and to change would only hurt me. How can I change something that I think is right? I've hurt people's feelings and they don't want to use me on their horses. That's their prerogative. It would be very easy for me to change. I could come back after a race and tell the trainer something that is so intangible it wouldn't hurt his feelings. I could very easily ride a horse that finishes up the racetrack and I could say, 'Well, he didn't like the racetrack.' Now, that would be just an alibi. That excuse is overused. A lot of times there's a particular reason why the horse didn't run, and it wasn't the racetrack. If I choose to use this for an excuse it would be so easy. To me it's not right. I'm not saying it's not right for other jockeys. But it's not right for me. I could have furthered my career by doing it. But I don't want that kind of success. I don't want success by lying."

Hartack calls his attitude "honesty." Others have different words for it. Says a very successful trainer: "His arrogance has caught up with him. Nobody has to take that abuse from a jockey even if he is a natural horseman and blessed with great talent." Says an ex-jockey turned trainer: "Hartack doesn't have a friend in the jocks' room. His attitude costs him mounts. Trainers are fed up with the flippant way he talks and answers questions. After all, it costs nothing to be polite." The top trainer in the United States last year, William Hal Bishop, says: "I'd say he's as good a rider as there is around. He's riding as good as he ever did, but he's not getting as many good mounts. The worst trouble with him is he gets mad when his horse don't win. He'll tell the groom that his horse ain't no account, and he ought not to do that."

Hartack's assaults on the sensibilities of trainers, grooms, owners, reporters and everyone who comes near him at the track, all the drops of water on racing's touchy forehead, began to catch up with him at this year's Hialeah meeting. Suddenly the man everybody wanted was wanted by almost no one. He finished sixth at the meeting, with 22 wins in 135 mounts; leading jockey Bobby Ussery had nine more wins and 21 more rides. Then Hartack moved over to Gulfstream for more of the same.

Early in the Gulfstream meeting he had a typical Hartack beef with the stewards. He lodged a foul claim, but when the time came to view the patrol film he was in the hot box losing weight. He was fined $100 for not showing, and he is still fighting the fine in the courts on the grounds that he was not advised to watch the films. Some say that the incident troubled Hartack and affected his racing. Hartack answers typically: "If I let something like that bother my riding, I don't even deserve to ride. That's so ridiculous it's pathetic." Whatever the reason, Hartack found himself in more trouble than ever with the people who select jockeys. Explains Duane Murty, Hartack's agent and a calm young man who is as diplomatic and gracious as Hartack is direct and uncompromising: "The whole incident hurt his business badly. [Writers call horse racing a sport; jockeys call it a profession; but agents always refer to it as a "business."] It was publicized in the papers and the *Racing Form* that he wouldn't ride unless the deal was straightened out, and then the stewards would say they were giving him until maybe noon the next day to pay and then they'd postpone the deadline or something like that. Trainers would come to me and they'd say, 'Is Bill gonna ride tomorrow?' We didn't know. So he lost several trainers."

Hartack wound up with 147 mounts at Gulfstream, and only 21 winners. (Howard Grant, the leading jockey, had 53 winners in 204 mounts.) After a blowup with Murty, Hartack took leave, ignored the meeting at Churchill Downs ("If we had been in Kentucky, we'd at least have had a chance to ride Chateaugay," says Murty) and made matters worse all around.

The reasons why

But it is characteristic of Hartack's career that the man himself always has a reason for his actions, whether it is a reason agreeable to others or not. He explains why he did not go to Kentucky this year:

"When I feel that I'm not riding at my best, I take off. But the main thing was I wasn't getting good mounts. A rider is faced with one fact: you have to take a horse along with you. You can be in the greatest riding shape of your life and ride 23 straight losers. You must have stock to ride to show your ability. I took off three weeks after Gulfstream. Why couldn't people understand that? They don't choose to understand, that's why. There's always got to be something mysterious or earth-shattering about anything I do. I didn't want to go to Kentucky because I didn't have a good Derby mount. I didn't see any point in going up there and working to break even. And the other reason was I wanted a rest for the long Chicago season—three straight meetings at Washington and Arlington Park and then the meeting at Hawthorne. I figured a vacation would do me better than if I went up to Kentucky and then to Chicago and perhaps

got sour in Chicago and had to take off right in the middle of the season. A lot of people are of the opinion that I rode bad. Well, that's their opinion. Anytime I'm not the leading rider at a meeting there are a lot of people saying I'm not riding well."

After the rest, Hartack reconciled with Murty and went up to the Balmoral meeting at Washington Park for his Armageddon. There he faced the continuing problem of poor mounts. Observed a Washington Park official: "He wasn't getting the big stakes horses from the big stables, the horses he used to get. His mounts were live, to a point. But they weren't the big horses." Everyone except Hartack noticed a change in his attitude at Balmoral. (It is characteristic of Hartack that he never admits he has made a change, as though to do so were to admit that he had been wrong before.) Says Agent Murty: "He began working very hard. His personal handling of people had always been so bad that if he were our ambassador we'd be at war all the time. He's a very high-tempered person. But he came to me one day and he said, 'We've got a lot of old beefs, old complaints, and we're gonna have to work from here.' He said, 'I've got more old feuds to straighten out than any rider you've ever had.' He said, 'All we can do is you tell these people that if they've got a complaint about anything in the past that I've done, tell 'em just give me a chance to ride a horse for 'em and that'll straighten it out. All I want is an opportunity.' "

Like a man in a cave

The change in Hartack was seen around Balmoral in small ways. He would have long, patient talks with "gyps" (short for gypsies, small-time nomadic owners, usually with strings of second-rate horses) on how their animals could be improved. He became superpunctual about dawn workouts, which in the past he had often treated with seeming nonchalance. But mostly the change was in his attitude on the race course. Explains an oldtime student of Hartack and an official of Washington and Arlington Parks:

"Bill's attitude used to be 100% riding. He didn't care about anybody—his mind was 100% on riding. Now it's 150%. When he walks in that jocks' room, it becomes his cave. He doesn't want to talk, he doesn't want to socialize around. All he wants to do is sit and concentrate on that next race, what he's gonna do with his horse and what he can expect from the other horses. He has a little book in his mind, like a pitcher's book on hitters, and when he's studying this book and somebody comes up to glad-hand him, he'll just ignore them. It isn't exactly rudeness, although it certainly looks rude. It's just that he's 150% racing. He's like a man in a cave with blinkers on.

"He showed plenty of flashes of riding in this meeting like the old Hartack. Shooting into the rail quickly and surely and skillfully, shooting for an opening that he knows is gonna close in the snap of a finger. If people would stop looking at his personality and look at the record they'd see he's anything but washed up. He's taking ordinary mounts and winning with them. He's not getting the chalk, although people are still making him the chalk, and when he doesn't win, they boo him unmercifully. He's in the same boat that Arcaro once was in."

With all the improvement in Hartack's attitude, and his obsession with riding winners, no one need fear that Hartack is about to become the Lord Chesterfield of racing. If his temper is somewhat under control, it is nonetheless smoldering below decks. A few weeks ago he figured in an incident that could have got him barred from racing for months. Riding a 9-to-5 favorite, he was thrown at the start of the race. Later four beefy men began pelting him with obscenities, and Hartack bolted for them. The Clerk of Scales grabbed him around the neck and held him until all 113 pounds of fury could be calmed. Says Hartack of the incident:

"The good fans know that you're trying to do your best. But there's a lot of people come to the racetrack to knock. Anybody that falls, they think it's a big joke. A lot of people have very small minds, and they choose to think that perhaps you did it on purpose, or they may not believe this but they'll say it just the same. A person'd have to be made of iron to actually disregard this. I don't disregard it, no. Yes, I do react to them. In fact, if one of them said it to my face and I could see him and I was close enough to him I'd hit him."

To understand a Hartack who is willing to take on four men twice his size after a race, one must understand Hartack's attitude. It is at the bottom of his successes and his troubles, and no one is more aware of this than Hartack himself. He says:

"Being a perfectionist causes a lot of trouble. This whole profession is really not one for a perfectionist. There's too many things involved that can go haywire, starting with the horse, which is an exceptional intangible. My answer is to win, and anything that takes my mind off winning bothers me. I want to win every race I ride. I don't care about anything else. Now, it's practically impossible to win every race. I'm not going to say that it *is* impossible, because I just won't believe that. A lot of times I'll ride a horse whose form is ordinary. I can't say, 'O.K., he's ordinary, I'm gonna ride him ordinary.' When the man says 'Go!' he's supposed to win; that's what I'm there for.

"I've studied myself to a great extent, and when I'm angry or intense I feel a certain amount of hate, and when I'm hating, hating to lose, well, then everything I do is dedicated to win. Now, when you feel this way and it's inside of you, the things that you say outwardly are gonna look different. When I hate, I concentrate 100% better, I feel 100% better, because to work under hatred forces me to win. And when I lose, I hate even more. So I may appear to be a little short-tempered or taciturn because it's impossible for me to be social when I'm in that frame of mind.

"I don't want to abuse anybody, but I want to win. And I want to win more than I want to worry about whether I'm abusing somebody or not. It would be good if I could remedy this. But I wouldn't be myself then. I'd be another person."

Hartack makes these statements about himself with the same intensity, the same concentration, that he takes to the starting gate. He sits on the edge of his chair, unsmiling, looking his listener straight in the eye, phrasing his statements with care and a far better command of English than one has come to expect of jockeys. He talks rapidly, but with precision and verve; he knows exactly what he wants to say, and he does not intend to be swayed from saying it.

He has, in recent years, substituted an awful coldness for the white-hot anger he used to display when anybody called him Willie, a name that hung about him for years like a permanent part of his tack. There are barroom theories and Jungian theories, three for a quarter, on why

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THE WORD FOR THE T-BIRD WAS 'OUCH'

The Thunderbird was a rich but routine warmup for the U.S. Open until Jack Nicklaus got a pain in the neck and Arnold Palmer enlivened his comeback with some shots that hurt

by GWILYM S. BROWN

Arnold Palmer had rested for a month, and in his absence the professional golf tour had settled down like an army between wars and rested with him. Then last week he returned, and all was agony and ecstasy once again. The scene was the Thunderbird Classic, a $100,000 frolic on the stately fairways of the Westchester Country Club in a suburb of New York. Occurring only a week before the U.S. Open—where the winner collects a mere $16,000 in cash but a mintful of prestige—the Thunderbird figured to be essentially a place for warmups and comebacks. Everybody wanted to see if Arnie was out of the slump he was supposed to have been in, and if Ben Hogan's return to tournament action was competitive or sentimental, and to decide who was really hitting the ball well enough to win the Open Championship at Brookline, Mass. What no one had really expected was that the Thunderbird would itself turn into an astonishing sporting event. But that is what happens when one forgets that Palmer is around. If there is a way to make a golf tournament thrilling, Arnold will find it, and by the time he had shot a 277 and gone through a sudden-death playoff and finally collected his $25,000 winner's check at Westchester last Sunday afternoon, even *his* hand was shaking a little.

Palmer had been on rest-and-rehabilitation leave at his home in Latrobe, Pa., for four weeks—fellow pro Doug Sanders claimed Palmer just needed the time to count his money—and on his very first competitive round he showed how much good the time off had done him. He shot a 3-under-par 67 to take the lead that first day at the Thunderbird, and he displayed more vigor pounding up and down the fairways than he had shown in months. Once more his drives were well out in front of all his opponents, and there was a smoothness to his putting stroke that nearly satisfied even him. He was almost never in trouble on the tight West Course of the Westchester club. After three days of play he was two strokes ahead of the field and it was hard to imagine that anybody was going

Discomfited Jack, who strained a muscle while swinging at a tee shot, tenderly tests his neck after heat treatments and a massage.

to catch up with him. "I am enjoying the game again," he said.

Also enjoying the game was Paul Harney, a long-hitting, little-known pro from Worcester, Mass. who had outrested Palmer, having stayed away from competition since the Masters last April. Much to the surprise of everyone, here was Harney matching Arnie enjoyment for enjoyment coming into the 17th hole of the final round. The 17th is a modest par-4, and when Harney hit his second shot into a trap, Palmer, who was playing with him, looked like a winner again. Arnold could not stand the thought of such prosperity. "My ball was in a fluffy lie, and I got careless," he said later. What Harney and a few million television watchers saw was Palmer bouncing an easy wedge shot over the back of the green and 25 yards down a steep grade. He hit his next shot up the bank, and glowered as it rolled right back down again. Now he was apparently in enough trouble to suit himself. He made a memorable recovery shot to within four feet of the pin and sank the putt for what he termed "the greatest 5 in my golf career." Harney ended up with a 5, too, so they were still tied going into the final hole.

On the par-5 18th, after Harney had hit a 100-yard approach shot within eight feet of the pin only to miss his putt, Palmer needed simply to sink a four-foot birdie putt to win. Four children raised high a banner that said "Arnie's Army," the legion itself got set for a victory roar —and Arnie missed the putt. "I was thinking about a million other things," he said, when he described the shot later. "I finally found my choking price —$25,000."

But that was enough drama for the day, and the fantasy of errors was quickly over. On the first extra hole of a sudden-death playoff Harney got a bogey while Palmer sank a four-footer for a par 3. Victory was Palmer's, and his comeback was confirmed. "My game is just about in shape for the Open," he said, as he headed toward Brookline, looking quite capable of enjoying himself here, too.

The second comeback at Westchester

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Anguished Arnold, who claims he is enjoying golf once again, is hardly happy when a putt somehow slips past the hole at Westchester.

Roaring down the River

It was planned as a family affair —a chance for weekend outboarders to get a heady taste of real racing. But the 180-odd competitors who roared down the Hudson River, two to a boat, from Albany (*left*) to New York over 135 miles of churned-up waterway found themselves encountering a lot more than they had bargained for. Bartenders and students, truck drivers and secretaries, plumbers and lawyers, they were kept busy dodging floating telephone poles, bouncing off mudbanks and swerving past excursion steamers. A few got their teeth knocked out as their craft slammed into the wakes of other boats ahead. One boat hit a snag and burned up. Some simply broke in pieces. But, all in all, it was a fine race.

GO LIGHTLY INTO THE WILDERNESS

The new freeze-dry method of processing foods not only changes pounds to ounces, but turns a camp cook into a woodland chef

by DOLLY CONNELLY

In the climbers' register at Kulshan Cabin, a log shelter near the base of Hogsback Ridge on Mount Baker, there is a brief entry by a Seattle foursome newly down off the mountain's summit. Appended to the usual comments on weather and crevasses is a simple ode to the processors of concentrated foods. It reads, "Climbed the mountain, two-day trip on under 4 lbs. total food weight, great! Good meals, beefsteak, eggs, bacon, the works."

Anybody whose shoulders have grown raw under a heavy packboard, or who has been forced to throw out spoiled meats lugged 30 miles on foot, will add his own hurrah. For the backpacker's food problem, toughest poser of any long-range hiking, camping or climbing trip, has at last been solved by a new method of food processing called freeze-drying—a process that pharmaceutical houses have been using for many years to preserve sensitive water-soluble drugs, blood plasma and serum.

Freeze-drying is the gentlest technique yet devised for preserving foods. It causes far less change in flavor, texture and fragrance than heat-drying, canning or conventional freezing. Both raw and prepared foods are first quick-frozen at very low temperatures and then dried in vacuum chambers where ice crystals are sublimated, or transformed directly into water vapor and withdrawn without an intermediate melting step. As much as 98% of the moisture is removed, and the foods are protected against adverse chemical, enzymatic and microbial changes. A pound of meat ends up weighing four ounces. High-water-content foods, such as fruits and vegetables, are more spectacular: a head of cabbage ends up looking like a spoonful of dried herbs. But, since the porous cellular structure of the food remains, reconstitution is quick and most nutritive values are preserved. Preparation time varies from one minute to half an hour, and the cooking usually means only soaking, then simmering or sautéing. There is no long wait, no work, no waste, and very little unburnable residue (some foil packs, some aluminum cans) to carry out.

The leader in dehydration research is the Army Quartermaster Food & Container Institute, but the end result is as far removed from powdered eggs as Korea is from Le Pavillon. Profiting from the Army's example, a number of concerns now are in the business of providing highly concentrated foods in hundreds of varieties for outdoorsmen, sold in sporting goods stores or by mail. (Dri-Lite's March 1963 mail-order form lists 62 items, variously packed in serving portions for two to eight persons.) And racing after them are the suppliers of the supermarkets: Armour, Campbell, Wilson, Lipton and Knorr and Maggi soups —all of whom see a potential for freeze-drying greater than that of today's multi-billion-dollar frozen-food industry. While 50 million housewives are the ultimate goal of these processors, the outdoorsman is today's benefactor.

The American Mount Everest expedition carried hundreds of pounds of freeze-dried foods. They make an ideal survival food cache for a small plane, and are useful as reserve food on a boat, for extended automobile trips into remote areas, and for canoe trips. They are popular with big game hunters, high lake fishermen, fire watchers, foreign missionaries, explorers and scientists on expedition—with anyone, in fact, who is removed from reliable fresh food sources.

On the oldtime backpack trip with fresh or canned food, the member in charge of supplies figured three to four pounds of food and cooking gear per man per meal. The new foods shrink this to one pound per man per day. One hiker in a party of four now can carry all the food for the group on a week-long trip. One man can carry, without spoilage, concentrated foods equivalent to a load of fresh and canned food on the back of a packhorse. And that one pound of daily ration can consist of this variety: one ounce each of eggs, fruit, bacon, soup, vegetable and milk; two ounces each of meats, potatoes, shrimp creole, Spanish rice and pudding. There is no odor to the foods until heat seals are broken, and thus no enticement for marauding ants, bears and mice.

With all these benefits, it seems ungrateful to quibble about the faint cottony texture of string beans and a lack of spice in the chili. Armour Star Lite might be criticized for the bulk of its products, which is not much less than that of fresh foods. Fragile freeze-dried pork chops, beefsteaks and other whole meats are inclined to chip and crush unless knapsacked with care.

Indisputably, too, the foods will remove some of the challenge from situations in which man pits himself against the forces of nature, but all progress has its regrettable side. I once asked a famous mountaineer what he carried in the way of supplies on his long, one-man backpack expeditions into Washington's Cascade Range. He answered, "I don't go into the mountains to eat. I eat when I get back out again." He would take with him on a week-long series of summit climbs only a few flat tins of sardines, some six-ounce cans of grapefruit juice, a couple of large bars of chocolate and two pounds of powdered brewers' yeast as a source of protein and B vitamins.

For the less dedicated but better-fed

Robert Velde

woodsman, a few old-fashioned ingredients still must be carried in addition to packs of freeze-dried meals. Because fat deteriorates rapidly, some concentrated foods contain none. And fat, as any dieter can tell you, brings out much of the flavor and juiciness of meat. Canned butter, or better-keeping margarine, and canned bacon or the new bacon bars (Wilson & Co. cooks and presses one pound of bacon into a three-ounce bar) add a great deal to freeze-dried foods. Fat should be used abundantly with the meats, which are fat- and bone-trimmed and dry. Spread steaks and chops and patties on both sides with butter before you fry, and do not try to barbecue. Almost all the chewy-textured fruits are packed unsweetened and thus require sugar. Incidentally, fruits improve with overnight soaking in preference to the short simmer time specified on labels.

A plastic shaker is vital to thorough dissolution of citrus-fruit crystals and tomato juice powders, which show a stubborn disinclination to give in completely when stirred in a camp cup. One-pot whole-meal dishes can be concocted inexpensively out of such extending combinations as instant potatoes added to soups, dehydrated cooked meat and a spoonful of onion-soup mix stirred into instant rice, and almost any reconstituted soup used as liquid with instant rice. The soups, by the way, are the most successful of all dehydrated products. Knorr's cream of leek soup, excellent when hot, turns into vichyssoise when chilled—a rare luxury in a canoe. Campbell's Red Kettle line of dry soup mixes, which come in little two-ounce cans, includes a cream of mushroom which serves as a very good white sauce in the field. Wilson's meatballs are delicious floated in beef noodle soup. Sweetened applesauce stirred into instant rice makes a very acceptable pudding. Vegetables are improved by the addition of a bouillon cube.

The best use for freeze-dried foods is in combination with freshly caught trout or salmon, or pheasant or quail shot in the field. Freeze-dried foods make possible other methods of cooking besides the camper's everlasting fry, fry, fry. Since salmon and hollandaise is one of the better combinations known to man, why not fresh-caught salmon and a spoonful of powdered hollandaise? It would even be possible to poach a trout in a court bouillon made with carrot, onion and parsley flakes, freeze-dried lemon juice, salt and a bay leaf.

Processors must keep in mind that the experienced backpacker carries with him a one-burner stove, a neat little windproof gadget that folds itself into two containing pots. This gives him one pot sacred to his hot drink, a second pot and lid for his one-dish meal. If a full meal cannot be stirred into that single simmering pot, it will not do him much good. Some processors have met this problem with remarkable ingenuity. Armour uses heavy foil that does double duty as a soaking container and aims almost everything toward that single pot. Wilson's freeze-dried meats, packed in small aluminum tins that open with a jackknife, are easiest of all. You open the can, add hot water, allow one minute to soak, and eat. It's as simple as that. Wilson's meat bars pack 500 calories of protein into a three-ounce chunk that can be eaten as is.

But the fancy meal combinations of many little packs, requiring many preparation procedures and pots, will irritate any voyageur. Who wants to spend half the night crouching with a flashlight over a primus? The four-course meal pack could be discontinued—unless the processor is determined to create the instant housewife, the inevitable outcome of this sort of progress.

But I'm quibbling again. Blessings on all of you for taking the load off my back. **END**

Like the little old lady who lived in a shoe, Manager Danny Murtaugh of the Pittsburgh Pirates is suffering from a surplus. In this case the problem is too many pitchers—and too few base hits ***by MYRON COPE***

THE PITCHING EXPLOSION IN

To a pitcher, Forbes Field is related less to Pittsburgh than to Paradise. It is a huge ball park where baseballs driven 400 feet fall happily into the gloves of outfielders instead of into the stands, and pitchers fortunate enough to be traded to the Pirates—as Boston's Don Schwall and the Cardinals' Don Cardwell were last fall—immediately envision happy days ahead.

But it seems that Paradise, if not lost, has a long waiting list, and this year Pirate pitchers are finding it difficult to pitch in Forbes Field. The trouble is that they cannot get to the mound. There are too many of them, good ones, in line. The Pirates could use a few runs but they would hardly know what to do with another pitcher if someone should leave him on the doorstep.

"For a combination of quality and depth, I've never seen the likes of this pitching staff," says Smoky Burgess, a National League catcher for more than 12 years. And Harvey Kuenn, who spent nine seasons in the American League before joining the Giants in 1961, says that he has seen only one staff as deep as Pittsburgh's. "Cleveland in 1954," Kuenn says. "They had Bob Feller, Bob Lemon, Mike Garcia, Early Wynn, Art Houtteman, Don Mossi, Ray Narleski and Hal Newhouser. I've probably missed one or two, but you can look them up."

The Pirate names, with the exception of Bob Friend, Roy Face (*see cover*), Harvey Haddix and Vernon Law, are hardly as familiar as those of the old Indians, at least to the public. There is not a man on the staff who won 20 games in 1962. But by the middle of June, with the season one-third gone, the Pirate earned run average was down to a remarkable 2.67 a game, and it was pretty evident that Bob Friend was not pitching *every* day. Around the National League no one asks, for example, "Who is Alvin O'Neal McBean?"

McBean is the jazzy string bean signed in the Virgin Islands in 1957 who caused a stir the first day he appeared in the Pirates' minor league camp. Seated among two dozen pitchers on the infield grass and wearing muttonchop sideburns, McBean listened to a pitching coach deliver a lecture. "Talk, talk, talk, talk," McBean said. Soon his head began to droop. He leaned back on his elbows. In a matter of minutes he lay flat on his back, sound asleep.

"McBean!" bellowed the pitching coach.

Eyes popping, McBean awoke; threw his arms to the side and kicked his right leg into the air. "Just practicing my slide, coach!" he cried.

McBean won 15 games in his second big league season last year and, according to San Francisco's Orlando Cepeda, has

DEEPEST PITCHING STAFF in baseball lines up on dugout steps. Left to right are Don Cardwell, Tommie Sisk, Roy Face, Don Schwall, Alvin McBean, Joe Gibbon, Bob Friend, Harvey Haddix, Vernon Law, Earl Francis, Bob Veale and Pitching Coach Don Osborn. Schwall and Cardwell arrived in recent deals, Haddix and Face in old ones; the other seven pitchers are all products of the Pirate farm system.

PARADISE

more stuff than any other Pirate pitcher. One day this spring he walked four men in one inning, but he dismissed his wildness as a lapse no more frequent than presidential elections. "I am wild once every four years," he explained. Alvin McBean has a 2.74 ERA this season and, when not starting, has been superb in relief, yielding only two earned runs in 15 innings.

Earl Coleman Francis, from Slab Fork, W. Va., had a so-so 9–8 record as a sophomore last year. But four of his defeats were by one run. In September alone he beat the Dodgers on four hits, the Giants on four hits and the Cincinnati Reds on two hits. "Slab Fork," Francis tells you, "is where a flood came down through the hills and washed out a little gully, so they put a few houses there. It's between four hills—Slab Fork Mountain to the south, Tipple Hill to the east, Five Hill to the west and a trash dump to the north. The trash dump is called 'Trash Dump.'"

Don Schwall is so handsome that his teammates call him Tyrone and sometimes Gregory. As he steps into the batting cage for his practice swings, a falsetto voice calls out to Manager Danny Murtaugh: "Hey, how come Donnie has to wear a helmet?" To such barbs Schwall turns a magnificent profile and says, "Eat your heart out."

At Boston two years ago Schwall won 15 games after May 16 and was the American League's Rookie of the Year; last season he decided to improve his curve by shortening his stride and as a result became so fouled up that the Red Sox were willing to trade him and Jim Pagliaroni for Dick Stuart and Jack Lamabe. "Schwall was the worst-looking thrower I'd ever seen," says Don Osborn, the Pirate pitching coach. "He was letting go of the ball before his foot even hit the ground. But we got him back into his rhythm." During the first 40 days of this season, Schwall pitched excellently every time he went to the mound —which was exactly four times. This so impressed Murtaugh that he made Schwall a regular member of his rather fluid starting corps, and Schwall has a sparkling 1.37 ERA to show for it.

Joe Gibbon knows how tough it is to find steady employment, too. A rangy left-hander from Hickory, Miss., Gibbon has a sweeping sidearm delivery that makes left-handed hitters perspire with fright. Cincinnati's Gordy Coleman once said to Burgess, "I'd rather be in an acre of rattlesnakes than to hit at Gibbon." Coming along as a sophomore in 1961, Gibbon won 13 games, but last year injuries washed up a promising season. For one thing, he dislocated a finger falling on Pittsburgh's plaster-of-Paris infield.

continued

Though perfectly fit this year, Gibbon faced the prospect of having to wait till the Fourth of July for a starting assignment. The season was a mere 20 days old, however, when two strokes of immense good fortune delighted him. Schwall, scheduled to pitch, came down with a virus; Francis, named to take Schwall's place, developed a muscle spasm in his back. At the last minute Danny Murtaugh pointed to Gibbon, who wished his teammates a slow recovery and went out and pitched a three-hitter. To date, Gibbon has had five more starts, with a resultant 2.30 ERA.

Actually, Bob Friend, an 18-game winner last year, is the only Pirate who, from the beginning of the 1963 season, has received anything resembling a regular turn on the mound, and every day Friend walks to and from the ball park—a round trip of 4.2 miles—in order to stay in perfect shape to defend his toehold against the snapping wolves—Francis, McBean, Schwall, Cardwell, Gibbon and Vernon Law, the last-named back from the minors after apparently ridding himself of arm, knee and ankle troubles. Someday Murtaugh fully intends to pick five rotating starters and pack off the others to grouse in the bullpen until one of the select five shows a weakness—say, a hangnail or slumping posture.

Already in the bullpen are: 1) Roy Face, 2) Harvey Haddix, who in 1959 pitched 12 perfect innings one night against the Braves and, at 37, is still so sharp (2.17 ERA) that in one relief appearance he put down six straight Giants, including four on strikeouts; 3) Bob Veale, a 6-foot 6-inch rookie southpaw who, the Pirates insist, throws as hard as anyone in baseball, not omitting Don Drysdale and Sandy Koufax; and 4) Tommie Sisk, an Oklahoman just turned 21 who, according to Friend, "is fast, has control and shows as much poise as you'll ever find in a kid this age." Even more impressive than Sisk's poise, however, is his 1.80 ERA compiled after relieving in 17 games.

"From where I sit," says Trainer Danny Whelan, "the big difference this year is I got no hypochondriacs. These pitchers can't afford to pull that my-arm-is-killing-me stuff. When pitchers go bad they say, 'Oh, my elbow!' or 'My *shoulder!*' or 'My back hurts!' This music I'm not hearing this year."

Too many pitchers, like too many cooks, conceivably could louse things

continued

THE FORK BALL AND ROY FACE

Extend the fore and middle fingers of your right hand and you will make a fair facsimile of the letter V, an anatomical phenomenon that has been put to good use by at least one prime minister and several million smokers. When ElRoy Face of the Pittsburgh *Pirates* extends these fingers, however, they come out of his right hand like the letter U. Face wasn't born that way. This aberration came from stuffing a National League baseball deep into the cleft of his fingers, something he has been doing constantly since 1953 in order to throw a pitch called the fork ball. And it is largely because Roy Face can throw a fork ball with accuracy and speed that he is the best relief pitcher in the National League.

No player is in more demand—or in shorter supply—these days than a good relief pitcher. So exacting is the job that there are even specialists among specialists; some come into a game early, some in the middle innings and some late. Face is one of those who take a nap for the first six innings. As a late (or "short") man he is one of the glamour boys of the relief corps. He does not pitch much, but if he gives up even one run, it usually is a calamity.

Relief pitchers generally are big, powerful fellows who stalk out of the bullpen and blow the opposition down with raw power, but Roy Face looks like the prize in the bottom of a Cracker Jack box. He is only 5 feet 8 inches tall, wears false teeth, and his expression is as mournful as a man who has just been drafted. But what Face lacks in size and beauty, he makes up for in determination. He throws so hard it sometimes seems that his right arm will jump out of its socket. He puts so much umph into his pitches that all 155 pounds of him quiver, says a teammate, "like a little ol' wet mouse shaking itself dry."

In spite of Face's unheroic stature, he has all the requisites of the great relief man: endurance, resiliency, control and guts. Once he pitched in nine straight games. "My arm throbbed until I fell asleep," he said, "but it felt great the next morning." He has a portfolio of solid pitches that includes a fast ball, a curve and a slider besides his blue-chip fork ball. And he is unconcerned by impossible situations. "I don't let base runners bother me," he says blandly—which is fortunate because there are inevitably a number of them around when Pirate Manager Danny Murtaugh waves him in. And Face is asked to pitch often—376 times since 1957—which is almost every other time the Pirates have played.

Face has won 76 ball games and lost 68, with a lifetime earned run average of 3.50. Once, in 1959, he won 18 games and lost just one to set a major league record. But the fact that Face gets into so many ball games shows his worth more than any statistic, particularly since statistics are customarily misleading in the case of relief pitchers. "He's simply the best we have," says Murtaugh, "so we use him." In one game Face came in to pitch with the bases loaded and no outs. Two fork balls and a slider later the side was out.

Baseball has been blessed with other excellent relief pitchers, of course, and in a given year a number may have had more spectacular seasons than Face. But good year, bad year, good year, bad year is the normal pattern for relief pitchers or, even more often, one superb season followed by oblivion. Face's form chart, however, reads like Sahara temperatures at high noon—consistently high—and only Hoyt Wilhelm of the White Sox has approached his annual excellence.

Face arrived in Pittsburgh in 1953, a draftee off the Dodgers' Montreal farm team. In Pittsburgh he caught sight of ex-Yankee Joe Page throwing a strange pitch: the fork. Sent to the minors in '54, Face worked hard on the pitch, and when he came back to Pittsburgh the next season hardly anyone was able to hit this strange darting thing that acted like a cross between a knuckle ball and a sinker. "How do you know which way it will go?" Face was once asked. "I don't," he said, "but neither does the batter."

On May 30, 1958 Milwaukee beat him 7-4. After that, no one beat him for a year and a half, during which time Face appeared in 98 games and won 22 of them. Finally he threw the wrong pitch to the Dodgers' Charlie Neal. "I feel the same way losing as winning," he said afterward, "except I'm happier winning."

Mostly Face has remained a very happy fellow. A carpenter by early inclination (his grandfather, father, two brothers and five uncles followed that trade around his home town, Stephentown, N.Y.), Face has left cabinetmaking for the off season and has parlayed his fork ball into a $50,000-a-year pitching job with the Pirates. Such is his fame that he has also been paid as much as $10,000 for a series of public appearances that consists largely of strumming a guitar and yodeling. Roy Face is not beloved in Pittsburgh for his nightclub act, however, but because, as Casey Stengel says it: "He walks in there and commences pounding."

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up in Forbes Field (breathes there a pitcher who has not said: "How can I pitch if I don't work regular?"), but Murtaugh, who only looks like Captain Bligh, is not overly concerned about mutiny. On the bench Murtaugh usually talks like a shipyard worker—which he once was—but in response to an interview sounds as if he were dictating a business letter:

"As regards having too many pitchers, I do not believe any manager in baseball regards having seven qualified starters as a detriment. It tends to create—what is the word?—greater effort on the part of the pitchers.

"I would have to say that Francis possibly has the best repp-ur-twar of all the pitchers on my staff. He has an outstanding fast ball, an outstanding curve, an outstanding change of pace, and he can get all three over the plate consistently." After pitching the season opener, however, Francis waited eight days for his second start, then six days for his third. Pitching infrequently, he has had little chance to flash his repp-ur-twar at the National League.

Pitchers in company strength

How, all of a sudden, does Murtaugh come to have pitchers in near-company strength? Joe L. Brown is the reason. Brown, a general manager with a big-park fetish for defense, not only traded for Schwall and Cardwell but, while the Dodgers were making a lot of noise about signing young bonus fast ballers, quietly systematized the Pirates' minor league pitcher factory. He put an ex-pitcher in charge of his No. 1 farm club, an ex-pitcher in charge of his No. 2 farm club and an ex-catcher in charge of his No. 3 farm club. Most important, in 1958 he hired Don Osborn.

Osborn, 54 and gray, never pitched in the majors but, during 1940 and 1941, when he was a manager-pitcher at Vancouver, he set some sort of predusk record by winning 33 straight day games. "Of course, as manager I was picking my spots," he explains. In any case, Brown designated Osborn his minor league pitching instructor and for five years had him traveling from the state of Washington to North Carolina in summer, from Puerto Rico to Arizona in winter, to tutor bush league pitchers. "I don't think any club did as much of this as we did," says Brown, who this year brought up Osborn to oversee his graduates.

continued

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SHULTON

Pittsburgh's multitude of pitchers, backed up by an infield that Murtaugh calls "my reindeer," ought to win the pennant by 10 games, one might conclude. However, the club has one drawback. Its hitting has resembled something you might see at Miss Pennypacker's Finishing School. The Pirates hit singles, lots of them, but runs they simply do not produce. Early in the season Casey Stengel hurled the ultimate insult by refusing to walk cleanup hitter Donn Clendenon with runners on second and third and one out. Murtaugh nevertheless professes to be optimistic.

"Our theory," he says, "is the less runs you give up, the fewer you have to score. However, it is true that our hitting thus far has been sporadic—or is the word sposmadic? You didn't know I could throw them big words around, did you?"

"What are you going to do for hitters?" Murtaugh was asked. "Trade some of your pitchers?"

"Q.E.D." Murtaugh said.

"Q.E.D.?"

"Didn't you ever take Latin? That means I am finished. I do not know what them initials stand for, but you put them on the end of an algebra paper. Many times I put them down when I wasn't finished but I explained to the teacher that I couldn't work out the problem."

Some problems are indeed difficult. Like how to win a pennant with all the pitching in the world—and nobody to swing a bat. **END**

STRENUOUS LIFE IN PIRATE BULLPEN AS REFLECTED BY FRANCIS, SISK AND McBEAN

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YOUNGSTERS UNDER SAIL AND HOW THEY GET THERE

The 10-year-old on the opposite page, intent on his job of reconciling a willful spinnaker, a choppy sea and a gusty breeze, is no unique phenomenon. Each summer an estimated 35,000 youngsters hand and steer their boats with the cool competence of young Columbuses on the rivers, bays, lakes and inlets of the U.S. Using a special color-photography process reminiscent of the French Impressionists, Photographer Stephen Michael has captured on the following pages much of the natural grace, the eagerness and the enthusiasm of young sailors as they pursue their age-old sport at the annual race week off Long Island Sound's Larchmont Yacht Club, where each year hundreds of youngsters and adults alike join in one of the East Coast's biggest regattas. But not even Michael's pictures can suggest the long days of careful planning, the worrying and the fretting, and the hours of dedicated adult sacrifice that go into the making of these young able seamen, for it is not by accident that they know how to handle themselves in a boat. Most of the juniors who sailed in the Larchmont regatta, like most of those sailing throughout the country, learn well under competent supervision in a Junior Sailing Program at some yacht club. On pages 35–38 a noted yachting authority and member of the North American Yacht Racing Union's junior sailing committee discusses some of the problems involved in organizing and operating such a program.

READY FOR FAIR WEATHER OR FOUL, ONE DIMINUTIVE CREWMAN AT LARCHMONT MANS MAINSHEET, ANOTHER GETS SPINNAKER TO DRAW

A YOUNG SAILOR PERFORMS A GRACEFUL, THOUGH UNINTENTIONAL, SCARF DANCE AS SHE SPREADS HER SAIL OUT TO DRY IN THE SUN.

ORGANIZING A JUNIOR SAILING PROGRAM

BY LEONARD M. FOWLE, JUNIOR YACHT RACING COMMITTEE N.A.Y.R.U.
AND MARY JANE HOOGES

There are, in all likelihood, as many ways to teach a child how to sail as there are children to learn, adults to demonstrate and boats for them to sail in. Today, however, the commonest method is to gather the would-be sailors into a group under the sponsorship of a local yacht club and to launch them all together under the command of some salty young collegian eager to put his love for sailing and his need for cash to good use in the summer months. This arrangement—generally known as the Junior Sailing Program—can be seen running its often erratic but generally rewarding course through storm and calm from the Fourth of July to Labor Day at more and more of the nation's yacht clubs each year.

The notion of hiring college boys to teach the local youngsters to sail is not new. It began to take hold at yacht clubs some time after World War I, but its purpose was then largely just to bring the kids up properly in the sport their fathers loved. With the huge growth in boating of all kinds since World War II, the junior program has taken on added importance and added significance. Now many parents with no previous inclination of their own toward the water seek membership in a yacht club just so their children can benefit from the program. The child's skill and enthusiasm in turn often prompt the parent to buy a boat and learn to sail it. Moreover, the sound seamanship learned by youngsters in junior programs has become a vitally important factor in keeping the nation's waterways safe for adults.

CAMPERS OR SAILORS

Depending on the size of the yacht club concerned, the junior program can include as few as a dozen youngsters or as many as 150, ranging in age from 9 to 16 years. Their differing skills and enthusiasms for the sea may run the gamut from the innate ability of a born Bus Mosbacher to the sluggish indifference of a land tortoise.

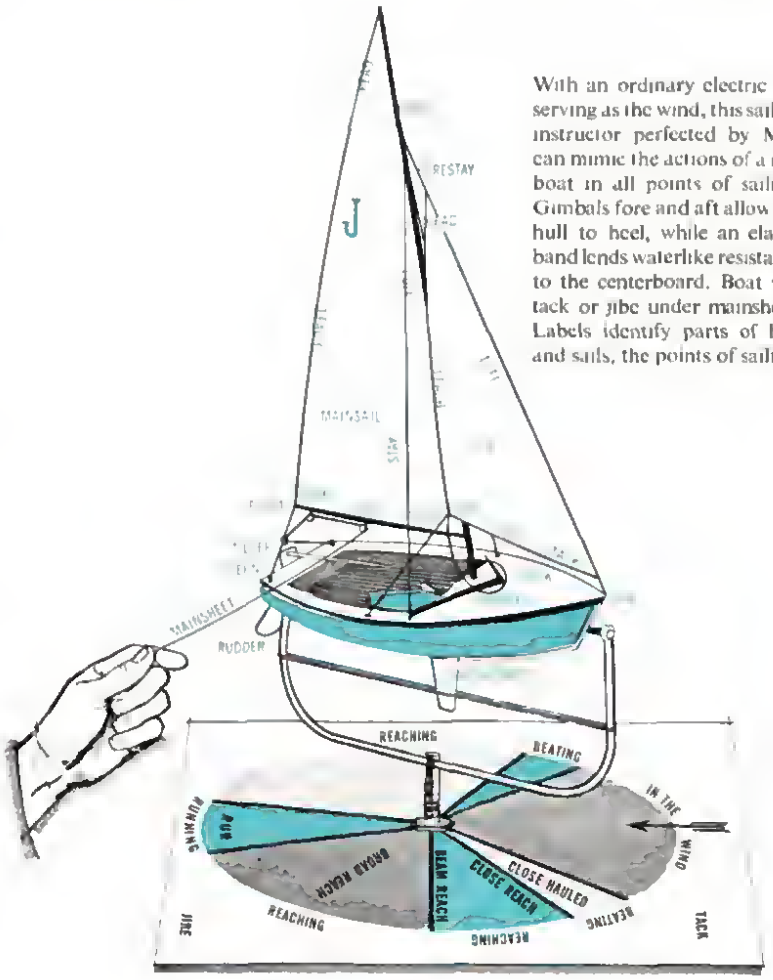
Inevitably, an uncomfortable handful of these apprentices will have been shanghaied into the program because their mothers saw in it a convenient and relatively inexpensive way to get the children out of the house. A day camp or a baby-sitting service, however, may produce good campers or good babies, but it won't produce good sailors. Our first word of advice, therefore, to all who would institute a Junior Sailing Program, is to make its purpose clear from the start.

Once that purpose—the teaching of the skills involved and the enjoyment to be had in sailing—is firmly established, four factors become necessary to bring it to fruition. The first of these is a selfless and self-reliant junior-activities chairman able and enthusiastic enough to run the whole show.

SKIPPER AND MATE

The cynic who once defined a camel as "a horse designed by a committee"

continued



With an ordinary electric fan serving as the wind, this sailing instructor perfected by MIT can mimic the actions of a real boat in all points of sailing. Gimbals fore and aft allow the hull to heel, while an elastic band lends waterlike resistance to the centerboard. Boat will tack or jibe under mainsheet. Labels identify parts of hull and sails, the points of sailing.

WET BUT WISER, A GROUP OF YOUNG SAILORS HEADS HOME AFTER ONE DAY'S RACING TO REST UP FOR STILL ANOTHER

would find himself thoroughly at home in a yacht club where junior activity is supervised by a committee of the board of governors or some such unwieldy authority. Like a ship in the midst of the sea, a junior program in the midst of the complexity of yacht-club activity can sail a fair course only if responsibility for it is put solely in the hands of a single adult authority.

The duties are anything but easy. As the man in charge of keeping the ship afloat, the junior chairman must first of all be able to locate and sign on an adequate crew of junior instructors—or counselors, as some of them prefer to be called—and then defend them against the sniping of club officers, bachelor yachtsmen, prejudiced parents and all the other self-appointed critics on the club docks.

He must be selfless but not spineless. He must be able to fight for his budget and answer questions and complaints; as a philosopher he must act as buffer and catalyst to parents, children and instructors; as an unpaid volunteer he must devote every evening and many of his days to supervising the equilibrium of the program. As middleman with ultimate responsibility he will get all of the blame and none of the credit. With luck, he may be able to get other parents to help him do the dirty work, but if they fail it will be up to him.

In late fall or early winter the junior chairman must set out to hire the head instructor—the second most important item in any program.

The ideal for the job of instructor is a young man, proficient enough in sailing to have earned a reputation that will increase his authority; enthusiastic enough to instill his enthusiasm into others; lucid, articulate and imaginative enough to make a complex art intelligible; hard enough to maintain good discipline; soft enough to be liked; and tactful enough to deal with parents smoothly and to their satisfaction. The junior instructor should also have sufficient manual dexterity and experience to make minor repairs on boats, docks and bicycles. If no applicant happens to turn up possessing all these traits, no matter. There will be many who will possess some of them to some degree, and with the full backing and help of the junior chairman, at least one applicant should be able to make up in effort what he lacks in skill.

MASTS AND SAILS

The next most important ingredient in a Junior Sailing Program is a fleet of sailboats.

What kind?

More often than not, the choice will be dictated by circumstance. One such circumstance will be the prevailing preference among the adults at the yacht club sponsoring the program. If they all own Lightnings, chances are they will not welcome buying an extra Blue Jay just so Junior can sail it. Another circumstance may be the choice already made by another club. There is no point, for instance, in putting your class in Comets if all the other clubs are racing in Windmills or Penguins.

In general, the choice of a trainer can be reduced to two types of rig: the sloop and the catboat, *i.e.*, jib and mainsail, or mainsail alone. The advocates of the single-sail rig insist that a beginner's boat should be rigged as simply as possible to give him confidence and immediate control, from which he can grow naturally into the more complex jib-and-mainsail sloop rig.

The sloop-rig advocates claim that starting in the slightly more complex rig will give the beginner an early introduction to the kind of sailing he will meet later in larger boats.

Of the hundreds of class boats of both types that exist today, there are several score that can serve adequately for trainers. The table at the right lists an arbitrary 25 of the most likely, with some of their qualifications, but it necessarily omits many fine designs.

SHORE PATROL

Some horny-handed young instructors believe that a boat is all they need to teach with. One such single-minded shellback insists on putting his youngsters in boats every single day come hail or high water, and if the wind is too strong for a little class boat he borrows a seaworthy windjammer from one of the senior members and takes the whole class out under reefed canvas to show them how to cope with a squall at first hand.

Sailing, however, is a science as well as an art, and many less ruggedly inclined instructors will agree that the fourth vital ingredient for a fully found Junior Sailing Program is a well-equipped shore establishment. A comfortable, functional classroom that can double as a junior clubroom is important not only for teaching but for youthful morale. It should include a well-stocked library of sailing books, pamphlets, magazines and illustrations, and a large blackboard for chalk-talks and the diagrams necessary to all racing protests. It should also include a scientifically designed teaching model to illustrate the mechanics of the sailing art.

A classic example of the teaching model is the one shown on the preceding page, developed by the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, birthplace of the Tech dinghy, one of the best of the trainers.

Knot boards, lines for tying, a stubby mast with halyards rigged on it and other gadgets that may assist the instructor in clarifying his special science all help to amplify on shore the interest already sparked at sea.

ALL ABOARD

The fundamentals, however, must be learned in the boat, and for most beginners the first sail is a moment of high drama. If he is to get his program off on the right foot, the instructor should do his best to accomplish the introduction of sailor to sailboat with all the casual confidence he can muster. As soon as possible on the first day of the program, with a brief commentary on what he is doing, he rigs the boat, hoists the sail and invites two children aboard. At this point the timid child may shrink to the rear of the class and even complain of a headache. As it will take some time to make the circuit with all of the students, the shy one should be left to watch and perhaps overcome his fears. If when his turn finally comes he can be cajoled into the boat rather than goaded, he may be cured for good (unless his mother is allowed to stand by, smothering him with more of the overprotective maternal solicitude that has made the poor child timid to begin with).

Three days later, along with the rest of the class, even the bashful beginner should be ready to hold the tiller while his instructor mans the mainsheet. By the end of the week he should be sailing the boat.

The first races should be match races so the instructor can separate the abler students from the slow ones and make more equal pairings. The majority of youngsters cannot judge speed unless they are close to another boat. In match racing the good student won't always

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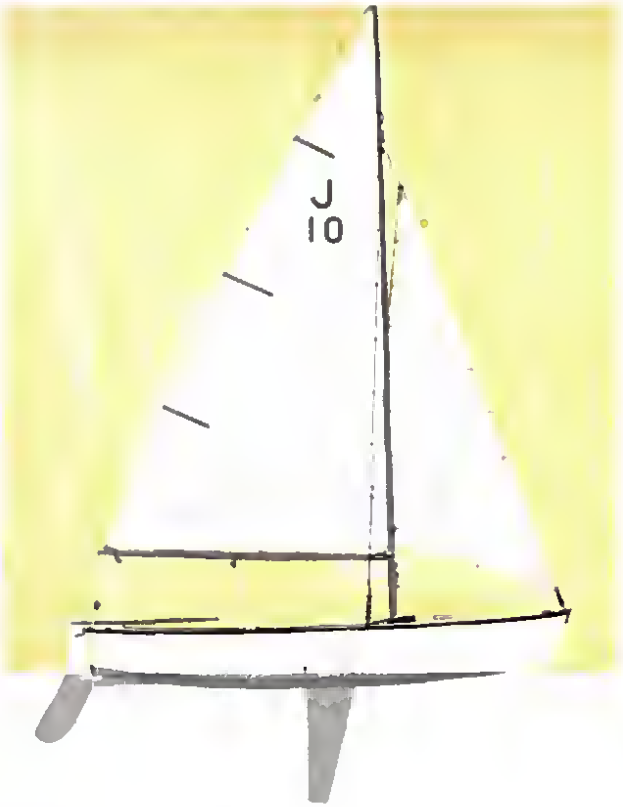

The Blue Jay (*shown at left*) is perhaps the most satisfactory solution to the requirements for an all-round trainer. Sloop-rigged, with a 70-square-foot spinnaker, the Jay has all the sailing characteristics of big boats. Designer Olin Stephens of Sparkman and Stephens gave the Jay stability with no sacrifice of speed or ease of handling by means of a V bottom and a hard chine. The wide beam gives ample room in the cockpit for three juniors (or several adults on a picnic). The Jay takes kindly to every condition of wind and water and, with a modest price of $1,200 complete or $385 in kit form, it is popular everywhere in the U.S. Strictly one-design, Jay competition is an honest appraisal of skipper and crew. "You can grow up in a Jay—and you never outgrow it," says one enthusiastic Jay owner and racer. Other trainers, like those listed below, have other advantages—lower price, greater speed, simpler rig, or simply local preference, so that anyone of them may serve as well as the Jay, both for teaching the young to sail and sustaining them in competition.

SOME CLASSES BEST ADAPTED FOR TEACHING

	Rig	Hull material	L.O.A.	Beam	Draft board up	Draft board down	Sail area in sq. ft.	Price with sails	Number extant
OPTIMIST PRAM	C	p/g	8 ft.	3 ft. 8	4 in.	2 ft. 8	35	$140	25,000
SABOT	C	g	7 ft. 10	3 ft. 10	3½ in.	1 ft. 3	38	$388–$413	3,085
EL TORO	C	p	7 ft. 11	3 ft. 10	3 in.	1 ft. 9	40	$370	5,000
TURNABOUT	C	p	9 ft. 8	5 ft. 3	8 in.	3 ft.	60 s-27	$399	2,000
MOTH*	C	—	11 ft.	—	—	—	72	$500–$800	3,000
NIPPER	C	p/g	12 ft.	5 ft. 2	5 in.	2 ft. 8	100	$529–$847	2,447
SPRITE	C/S	g	10 ft. 2	4 ft. 9	3 in.	3 ft. 5	47/64-s	$647	1,550
LEHMAN 10	C	g	10 ft. 3	4 ft. 5	4 in.	3 ft.	67	$647	570
PENGUIN	C	p/g	11 ft. 5	4 ft. 8	4 in.	4 ft.	72	$695	7,000
DYER DINK	C	g	10 ft.	4 ft. 3	3 in.	1 ft. 8	66	$680	980
WINDMILL	S	p	15 ft. 6	4 ft. 8	8 in.	4 ft.	119	$650–$850	1,115
VIXEN	C/S	g	10 ft.	4 ft. 6	5 in.	2 ft. 1	66/80 s-45	$699	454
TECH DINGHY	C	g	12 ft. 6	5 ft.	1 ft. 6	3 ft. 6	70	$800	186
BEETLE CAT	C	wood	12 ft. 4	6 ft.	6 in.	2 ft.	100	$865	3,000
INTERCLUB	C	g	11 ft. 8	4 ft. 9	5 in.	3 ft. 5	72	$865	400
FLYING JUNIOR	S	p/g	13 ft. 2	5 ft.	4 in.	2 ft. 9½	100	$900	2,000
SNOWBIRD	C	g	12 ft.	5 ft.	5 in.	2 ft. 7	102	$982	550
SNIPE	S	p/g	15 ft. 6	5 ft.	6½ in.	3 ft. 3½	116	$1,000	14,336
JET 14	S	p/g	14 ft.	4 ft. 8	6 in.	4 ft. 2	113 s	$1,010	750
CLASS X	S	w/p/g	16 ft.	6 ft.	2 in.	2 ft. 8	109 75	$1,200	600
BLUE JAY	S	p	13 ft. 6	5 ft. 2	5 in.	3 ft. 6	90 s-70	$1,200	3,511
LIDO 14	S	g	14 ft.	6 ft.	5 in.	4 ft. 3	325	$1,321	1,430
COMET	S	w/p/g	16 ft.	5 ft.	5 in.	3 ft.	130 s	$1,495	3,711
DAY SAILER	S	g	16 ft. 9	6 ft. 3	7 in.	3 ft. 9	145 s	$1,970	1,500
LIGHTNING	S	w/g	19 ft.	5 ft. 6⅜	6 in.	4 ft. 11½	177 s-160	$2,500	8,600

*development class

C—cat rig
g—fiberglass
p—plywood
s—spinnaker
S—sloop rig
w—wood

win and the bad one won't always lose.

Since most youngsters do not thrive under constant competitive pressure, however, some part of each day should be spent in games. Most sailing games employ the basics of good racing, lacking only the starting gun and the finish line. The easiest game is follow the leader, with the instructor being the first leader. Treasure hunts, seavenger hunts and obstacle races can combine sailing with land games. Sponge tag is perhaps the most exciting and popular game in the beginning class. A large wet sponge is tossed from boat to boat to make the tag; this involves a good deal of horseplay, but it also requires some skilled boat handling.

ONWARD AND UPWARD

As the sailors grow older and their skills improve, both the games and the serious sailing become more complex. Sponge tag will give way to trick competitions, like sailing a boat backward or maneuvering without a rudder. The simple tactics of match racing will be supplanted by the far more complex strategies of team racing.

In general, the class will be divided according to skill and age into three groups: beginners (ages 9 through 11), intermediates (ages 12 through 14) and the advanced class (15 and up). Since advancement through these groups is necessarily a long-term proposition, the instructor should set up a system of ratings by which a student can measure his day-to-day progress within each group. A commonly accepted ladder of ratings is shown at the right. A chart recording each young sailor's progress up the scale by the use of gold stars, chevrons or some other device goes a long way in sustaining the competitive spirit and providing a sense of accomplishment beyond the winning of races. Posting the master chart in a central area keeps the seniors aware of progress.

One certain key to a successful junior program is adult approval rather than mere sufferance. When the relationship of parents and children is as happily admitted on the yacht-club floats as it is at home, when the program is accepted as an integral part of the yacht-club activity, when juniors and seniors learn to sail, as they must learn to live, together, the yacht club will have not only a successful Junior Sailing Program but, what is more important, a future.

RISING SCALE OF SEAMANSHIP

The basic ratings—seaman, mate and skipper—cover roughly the first, second and third training periods and are intended to indicate proficiency in the skills taught in each of those years. As a measure of progress within the rating, some sort of subdivision is recommended. On the way to rating as a seaman, for instance, beginners can climb a fishy scale from guppy to whale. Below are listed skills each student should acquire to earn his rank.

Requirements for rating of seaman

CORDAGE
- bowline
- square knot
- clove hitch
- *fisherman's bend*
- figure eight knot
- two half hitches
- heaving a line
- belaying a line
- whipping and serving
- coiling

BASIC NAUTICAL TERMINOLOGY

BOATMANSHIP
- rowing
- landing
- casting off
- safety
- hauling, dumping, launching

SAILS
- bending and setting
- reefing
- furling
- care of sails

MOORING AND DOCKING
- shooting, picking up and casting off a mooring
- handling the anchor
- handling the tow line

BOAT MAINTENANCE

NEATNESS AND DEPORTMENT

Requirements for rating of mate

CORDAGE
- eye splice
- short splice
- bowline on a bight
- seizing
- use of palm and needle

KNOWLEDGE OF RIGS

SPINNAKER HANDLING
- stopping
- setting
- trimming
- jibing
- dousing

NAVIGATION AND PILOTAGE
- elementary pilotage
- identification of buoys
- chart reading, compass lore

HELMSMANSHIP
- *trim of sails on all points of sailing*
- racing rules 29-32, Y R A L I S
- purpose and spirit of the rules
- sailing into landing at dock, float or laying alongside another boat

SAFETY PROCEDURE
- man overboard
- capsizing
- broken gear
- squalls
- grounding

Requirements for rating of skipper

RULES (complete)

TACTICS
- general
- starts
- windward work
- reaching
- running
- rounding marks
- finish
- team racing

TUNING
- standing rigging
- running rigging
- sails
- bottom

ETIQUETTE
- flag etiquette
- boarding and leaving
- use of code flags

METEOROLOGY
- use of barometer
- use of weather map
- *predicting* changes
- reading the sea and sky

FIRST AID
- resuscitation
- care of wounds
- care of burns, including sunburn

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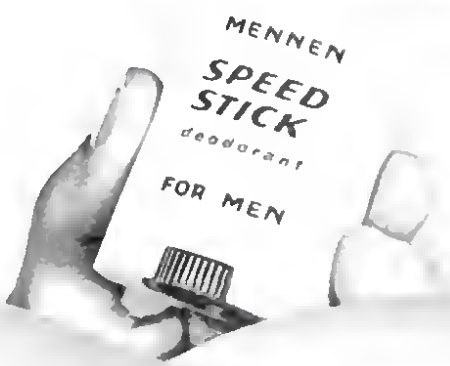

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The invisible man on the mound

The curious case of Baltimore's Dick Hall, who is 6 feet 6½ inches tall and has the same nickname as Pancho Villa's horse, yet remains wrapped in obscurity after 10 big-league years

It is curious how certain ballplayers, entrapped in a combination of obscurities (pale names, losing teams, undistinguished records), manage to disappear from sight even while on display in the most intensely publicized sport in the country. Consider. Everyone knows about Willie Mays and Mickey Mantle and Stan Musial and Warren Spahn, but who ever heard of Dick Hall?

This question was put to one baseball fan who answered, or asked, "He's a—catcher?" Another said that Hall was a reserve first baseman with the Tigers. A third said, "Who?" and let it go at that. A fourth said, "Big tall guy? Pirates?" He was right but four years late.

Big tall Dick Hall—he is 6 feet 6½ inches and the Pirates traded him to Kansas City in 1959—played his first big-league game more than 11 years ago, and he has appeared in major-league box scores in every season since 1952, except for 1958 when he was out of action all year with hepatitis. Right now he is with the Baltimore Orioles. He is a relief pitcher and a good one. Last season he was in 43 games and had an earned-run average of 2.29, only four pitchers in the league were better than that.

This month, during Baltimore's black slump, Hall in relief won one of the three vital games that the Orioles took from the New York Yankees and saved the other two. Last week after the Yankees had gotten 10 hits in six innings off Steve Barber, Baltimore's best pitcher, Hall stopped New York with one hit over the last three innings in a 5–4 game. The one hit was Joe Pepitone's lead-off triple in the eighth inning, but the Yankee attack smothered on two infield taps and a pop-up and Hall kept the run from scoring. He is a good useful pitcher and a valuable man to have around, but he is almost completely unknown. And that is strange, because Dick Hall and Dick Hall's history are about as far from the stereotype of a major leaguer as it is possible to get.

He is the only baseball player who ever got a nickname from Pancho Villa's horse. He doesn't want to own a restaurant or a bowling alley when he quits baseball, he wants to be an accountant. When he first met the girl who was to become his wife, Maria Elena Nieto of Mazatlán, Mexico, she could not speak English. So he courted her in Spanish, which he had studied in school and had relearned playing winter ball in Mazatlán.

Mazatlán was where he was named for Pancho Villa's horse. The horse of Villa was called *Siete Leguas* (Seven Leagues, as in Seven League Boots) and was also the subject of a popular Mexican song. The Mazatlan fans, singing the song and marveling at Hall's height and long legs and great stride, shifted the name from horse to player. "*Hola, Siete Leguas!*" they would shout at Hall. Baltimore fans, less poetic than the Mexicans, call him Turkey.

Hall comes from a well-to-do family and went to a top eastern prep school, Mount Hermon in Massachusetts. He is a graduate of Swarthmore, a small, somewhat exclusive college near Philadelphia that is extremely proud of its academic standing and not always quite sure whether or not it has a football team. Soccer, on the other hand, is very large there. Hall had a scholarship, but it was an academic scholarship (Swarthmore does not give athletic scholarships) won in competition with other members of his incoming freshman class.

Nevertheless, he was an athlete, and at Swarthmore he played football, basketball and baseball, won varsity letters in soccer and track as well and in 1951 received a bonus of about $20,000 to sign a contract with the Pittsburgh Pirates. Two or three other Swarthmore men had played big league ball (George Earnshaw was one), but even so this was startling. To most Easterners a Swarthmore athlete signing a bonus contract with a major league team is roughly comparable to a student at the Union Theological Seminary landing a leading role in a Broadway musical. "Surprised?" said one Philadelphian. "I was stunned. My prep school used to schedule Swarthmore. As a breather."

Fresh from Swarthmore, Hall joined

continued

HALL IN RARE MOMENT OF VISIBILITY

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the Pirates in spring training in 1952. He had been a pitcher and an outfielder in college, but under Branch Rickey's guidance the Pirates played him at first base. Then, just before the last game of the exhibition season, Rickey switched him to third. He had never played the position before, but three days later he opened the season as the Pirates' regular third baseman. A month later he was in the minors, playing shortstop. A year later he was back with the Pirates, playing second base. A year after that he was back as an outfielder. In 1955 he was in the minors as a pitcher, but he played the outfield between pitching assignments. His somewhat complicated record that season showed 12 victories, 13 home runs, five defeats, a .302 batting average and a 2.24 earned-run average. He was called up to Pittsburgh before the summer was over and won six ball games for the Pirates (Bob Friend won only 14 games and Vernon Law 10 that year), but he won none at all in 1956, and in 1957 he was sent back to the minor leagues again.

A good, long rest

In 1958 Hall developed hepatitis and sat out the season, which seemed to be all that he really needed—a nice long rest for in 1959, a pitcher all the way now, he led the Pacific Coast League in victories, winning percentage and earned-run average and came back to the majors to stay.

Hall has one of the strangest and least attractive pitching motions in the major leagues, a curious tangle and twist that ends with an abrupt little flip of the arm. He looks awful when he pitches, but he is an effective competitor. Out of uniform, mild, quiet, diffident, balding, he looks and acts more like an instructor in qualitative analysis than an athlete. Last winter he gave a lecture for the Enoch Pratt Free Public Library in Baltimore on the subject of baseball and literature. He has three small daughters. His favorite magazine is *Scientific American*. He collects stamps and likes to take his collection along on road trips to work on it during his off-hours. When he was all in 1958 he began to study accounting, and he works now in the off-season as a public accountant with a leading Baltimore firm.

Dick Hall is nothing at all like Bo Belinsky. A better pitcher, maybe, but then who ever heard of Dick Hall? END

For real hitting power —for pinpoint precision

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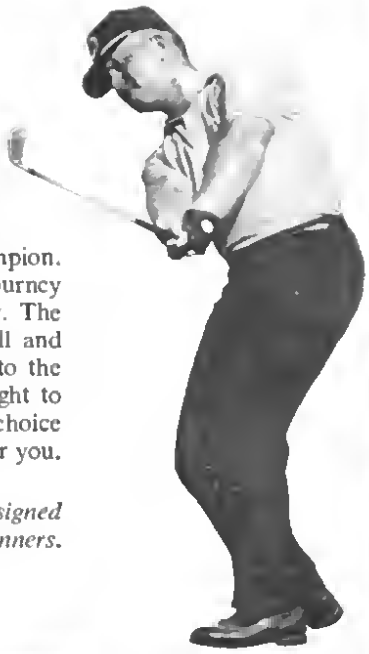

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ROWING / *Tom C. Brody*

CORNELL SPARKPLUG GRISCOM BETTLE LIES EXHAUSTED ON GRASS AFTER STROKING HIS CREW TO SUSPENSEFUL VICTORY IN THE IRA

He gave everything for the Big Red

A mighty effort was needed to save Cornell from Navy. It was made by a sophomore rower named Bettle

The race was all over, and Cornell's sleek Pocock shell was already back on its rack in the boathouse when it happened: the Cornell stroke, sturdy Griscom Bettle, suddenly faltered, then collapsed in agony on the grass. Minutes before on the water, Bettle had done his job superbly by stroking a final, brutal and successful sprint that pushed favored but trailing Cornell past upstart Navy to win college crew's most important race by seconds. This last-gasp effort, made after rowing two and a half miles of the three-mile Lake Onondaga course into a stiff north wind, might have brought on a collapse right at the finish. But somehow Bettle hung on long enough to get ashore. Then, tactfully, with everything taken care of and his crew the accredited Intercollegiate Rowing Association champion for the second straight year and the 21st time in the history of the race, Bettle conked out, only to recover a minute or two later and help toss the victorious Cornell coxswain into the water.

Unbeaten by any college crew in the country, and once victorious over the world champion Ratzeburg rowers of Germany, the Big Red, by winning on Onondaga Lake, climaxed the best season any American crew had had since 1957. That year another unbeaten Cornell crew went to England's Henley and won it. Now the Big Red hopes to repeat the experience.

American rowing prestige has taken an awful beating in recent years, but with a crew of Cornell's caliber on the line to represent the U.S., not only at Henley but next year in the Tokyo Olympics, America's rowing stock again looks blue chip. "It's going to take a terrific boat to beat this Cornell crew," said the coach of another crew before the IRA. But on Onondaga last week a terrific boat was right in there trying. "We'd considered everybody *but* Navy," admitted Cornell's No. 5 man, Don Light, after the race. Indeed, Cornell's most serious opposition was supposed to come from three big, strapping crews from farther west—unbeaten Washington, once-beaten California and a late-starting Wisconsin crew paced by a gigantic 200-pound stroke. "If Cornell doesn't win up at Syracuse," said the coaches in their prerace poll, "a western crew will." Nobody believed this more fervently than the western crews themselves, especially those from California and Washington. "We wouldn't be here if we didn't think we could win the race," said California Coach Jim Lemmon. "The eastern coaches are calling Cornell unbeatable, but we're not conceding a thing."

Lemmon had good reason to feel such confidence. No crew in the IRA was more impressive physically than his. Its members averaged 6 feet 4 and 190 pounds—enough to set football coaches adrool. The only crew to beat these leviathans up to last week was their bitter rival, Washington, and that by a matter of feet. "This is the fastest boat I've had," Lemmon said, and that's fast indeed. Twice before Lemmon's Califor-

nia crews have come east to win the IRA.

Washington was even more lighthearted about its prospects against Cornell. "The heat's on them," chortled Cox Dave Amundsen. "They're the favorites." And Coach Fil Leanderson actually went so far as to say: "We're more consistent than last year."

Leanderson had carefully prepared his Huskies for the sultry conditions anticipated in the East by making them row for three weeks swathed in rubberized sweatsuits. He also drilled them thoroughly in a favorite tactical ploy designed to demoralize their opponents. As a rival shell tries a short, desperate sprint, the Washington crew, on a signal, digs in and moves right along with the other boat. The effect can be disastrous on opponents who have given their utmost for 10 power strokes and should have pulled clear but haven't. "Whether it will work this time or not," Leanderson said before the race, "we'll find out when we go east. That's where we'll learn a lot of things."

The rollicking Washington crew's first lesson was sobering. Watching Cornell in a prerace workout, one awed Husky oarsman said: "I've never seen a crew get so much brute power in its stroke." Washington's oarsmen, said one coach, were "still confident, but much, much quieter about it."

Paul Quinn's Navy crew, on the other hand, had almost nothing to say the week before the race. Nearly as big as California, Navy had moved over the water like a prehistoric misfit in all its races this season. The Navy crew went to the post listed as sure also-rans. But Quinn was downright impish on race day. "They're big strong boys," he said. "If we get off fast, well—" and he went away looking like a man who knew something no one else did.

He did. The week before the race, Quinn had shuffled the seatings in his boats with the finesse of a light-fingered poker player stacking the cards, until, in trials on the Severn, the shuffled boats had begun to look like the Navy crews of old. In the first two events of the IRA the Middies scuttled Cornell's plans to sweep the field by winning first the freshman and then the jayvee races. Even Quinn, however, was "not quite prepared" for his varsity boat's showing against Cornell and hence was not too disappointed at the last-minute loss. Against this year's champions, even a near win was a triumph.

For a year now, Cornell has given signs of what was coming. In the 1962 Eastern Sprints one coach whistled softly as the Cornell freshman boat, stroked by Bettle, crossed the finish line lengths ahead of the field. "That's the best crew I've seen here all day—frosh or varsity" —said the coach. Four of these oarsmen, including Bettle, moved directly into the varsity boat this spring.

Rhythm and timing

Traditionally, Cornell Coach Stork Sanford primes his crews for the long distance races and they hit their powerful stride late in the season. Early-season losses are not unusual, and Cornell often has trouble qualifying in the season's second-most-important race, the Eastern Sprints. But not this year. Cornell was the class of college rowing from the moment it took to the water on icy Cayuga Lake in March. Long race, short race, it made little difference. Cornell won them all easily. Sanford, who would rather roll naked in a bed of nettles than crow before a race, admitted that "this crew can take the stroke up high much more effectively than previous crews."

And a prime reason for Cornell's "flexibility," as Sanford calls it, is the uncanny rhythm and timing of Stroke Bettle. A stocky prep school fullback (6 feet, 180 pounds), Bettle is a shade smaller than most strokes, but he has, in the words of Penn Coach Joe Burk, "endurance, strength and that wonderful sense of timing. That's something you just can't teach. A boy has it or he hasn't."

Bettle has it—and Cornell has Bettle. The fruits of this combination were apparent even from the shore last week as Cornell's red-tipped oars dipped with seeming delicacy into Onondaga Lake to impart great surges of power to the Cornell boat. Ordinarily such finesse and power would have settled the issue early. It did for all the other boats, except Navy and a surprising MIT crew that also, incredibly, kept pace. With less than half a mile to go, MIT at last succumbed to the terrible strain and fell off enough for Cornell to pass, but Navy was still going strong. Just as Bettle laid into the exhausting last-ditch sprint, Navy's No. 4 man, Joe Clare, pulled a shoulder muscle, and Cornell took the lead in a swoop. "Clare's injury didn't help us any," said Quinn sportingly after the race, "but with or without him, we were done for. When Cornell started that sprint of theirs I thought a hydroplane was passing us." END

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Class wins over mass at Albuquerque

Teems battled for the title in the collegiate chempionships, but in the end it was the performence of three supersters from Southern Celifornie that meant the difference

There are two ways to win a track meet. The first—and up until now the most popular—is to acquire a large number of slightly better than adequate athletes who will accumulate enough inglorious honors from fourth to sixth place to add up to victory. The other is to discover between three and five truly superb performers who will finish first in enough events to offset the efforts of the also-rans.

After the 42nd running of the national collegiate track and field championships in Albuquerque last week it seems likely that the exponents of the large number of almost-winners will have to bow to the advocates of the few. The University of Southern California, long a believer in quantity before quality, won the meet —strictly on quality.

Rarely is track and field a team effort. It is an endeavor by an individual to surpass other individuals and the best performance of his own past. No one can help a miler when he begins to run the last 440 yards of his individual torment. No matter how many runners share the track with him, what he accomplishes is entirely subject to how much he is prepared to sacrifice himself and how much of himself there is to sacrifice. At Albuquerque there were any number of athletes—from big and small colleges—who were prepared to sacrifice themselves. Still the meet derived most of its interest from the competition among the teams involved. Four were considered possible winners: USC; the University of Oregon, with a large complement of reasonably good runners, jumpers and throwers; and Villanova and Arizona State, with a smaller number of good athletes. Stanford, with a young team, was conceded an honorable spot in the middle of the pack.

Jumbo Jim Elliott, the coach of Villanova, looked over the situation shrewdly before the meet began and plumped for USC. "We could win," he said, with an enthusiasm born of slight hopes. "We've got enough really good athletes. But I don't think we have enough superathletes. I'd rather come to this meet with four or five superathletes than come with 15 good ones. You need the winners. Not many. And if a boy can win more than once, you've got a real good chance. If you have three or four big winners, you'll win the meet."

As it turned out, USC could have won this meet with only three men. There was Julio Marin, a small, coffee-colored distance runner from Costa Rica who almost scored a triple when he won the six- and three-mile runs in the first two days and finally placed fourth in the 3,000-meter steeplechase, an event he had never run before. And there was Rex Cawley, who finished second in the 440-yard dash and first in the 440-yard hurdles—an accomplishment second in degree of difficulty only to Marin's Herculean feat. A sophomore high jumper, ignoring the suffocating pressure of national competition, won the high jump for USC. His name is Lew Hoyt. Hoyt, Cawley and Marin, among them, scored 52 points, 10 more than the second-place team, surprising Stanford. Marin and Cawley alone scored 42.

Reluctant dragooner

Marin won the two distance races in rather undistinguished times, and he did not have to run the steeplechase, which was the last event on the three-day schedule. By the time the race started it was clear to him, however, and to everyone else that USC had won the meet. But Marin did run it, climbing awkwardly over the hurdles, landing plump in the middle of the water jump every time he jumped, and, at last, fighting off a challenger for fourth place with a wonderful sprint over the final 200 yards. This last sprint for fourth place was enormously exciting—even the lackadaisical fans of Albuquerque cheered as Marin almost stumbled over the last hurdle, recovered and battled grimly down the streteh.

Marin is a senior pre-medical student who really wanted to be a professional hockey player and who never dreamed he would run a steeplechase. Until the final night of this meet he had jumped over only one hurdle in practice. That was a test to see if he was tall enough to clear a hurdle—he is only 5 feet 7 inches. The night before the steeplechase, Cawley, who had run four races already, counting heats and semifinals, stayed up until 1:30 in the morning trying to inculcate the principles of hurdling in Marin.

"Look, Bean [short and fond for Coffee Bean]," he said, demonstrating on the lawn in front of the University of New Mexico dormitory where the athletes slept, "you glide over. Don't work —let the momentum carry you." For a hurdle Cawley used a small embankment, leaping to the top of it, taking a couple of steps, then dropping on the other side to show Marin how to land. Coffee Bean worked hard, but you do not learn the steeplechase in the middle of the night on a dormitory lawn. Marin almost disappeared in the water every time he went over a jump.

Cawley, apparently no worse for the long night's wear, ran the second fastest 440 hurdle ever and set an American record.

"This is the first time since he was a sophomore that he has ever run as hard as he can," said Vern Wolfe, who has been track coach at USC only since July of last year, after quitting Foothill College. He was an assistant at San Jose the year before that and the coach at North Phoenix High School, where he

developed Shotputter Dallas Long. He is a small, quiet, gentle man who knows as much about the whole complex of teaching young men to run fast, throw far and jump high as anyone does.

"Cawley pulled a hamstring muscle in his sophomore year," Wolfe said. "He has been afraid to go all-out since. He was afraid of hurting it again. Tonight he went all-out."

Neither Marin nor Cawley had shown much before this meet. Some of Marin's success, according to Wolfe, is due to the USC trainer and much is due to the USC long-distance coach, Willie Wilson.

"Julio had confidence in Wilson," Wolfe said. "He did whatever Willie told him. He worked hard. He ran maybe 100 miles a week for a while. And the trainer came up with a pill that lets you utilize oxygen more efficiently. That helped, too. That and the workouts for a week at Lake Arrowhead [where Wolfe took his team to adjust to Albuquerque's altitude]."

By their fine performances Marin and Cawley demonstrated conclusively that the day of the big, versatile squad is over. "No one can get all the athletes anymore," a losing coach said. "You get —or try to get—three or four national class athletes. They win for you. Look at this meet."

Results bore him out. USC matched second-place Stanford's total score with the point production of Marin and Cawley alone. Stanford scored 28 of its 42 points on the efforts of two men: Sprinter Larry Questad, first in the 100 and second in the 220, and Discus Thrower Dave Weill, who won his event. And all but one of Arizona's 39 points, good for fourth place, came from three men: Henry Carr, winner of the 220 and second in the 100, Ulis Williams, winner in the 440, and Frank Covelli, winner in the javelin throw.

Oregon, the winner in the same NCAA meet last year, might have come close to keeping its championship if it had not lost a superathlete in Mel Renfro, who conceivably could have scored 18 points with a first in the high hurdles and a second in the broad jump. Renfro pulled a leg muscle in one of his broad-jump attempts and did not qualify for the finals in either one of his specialties.

Until late in the third night of competition, this NCAA meet was an absorbing team competition. But it was, finally, decided upon the courage and capability of individuals. **END**

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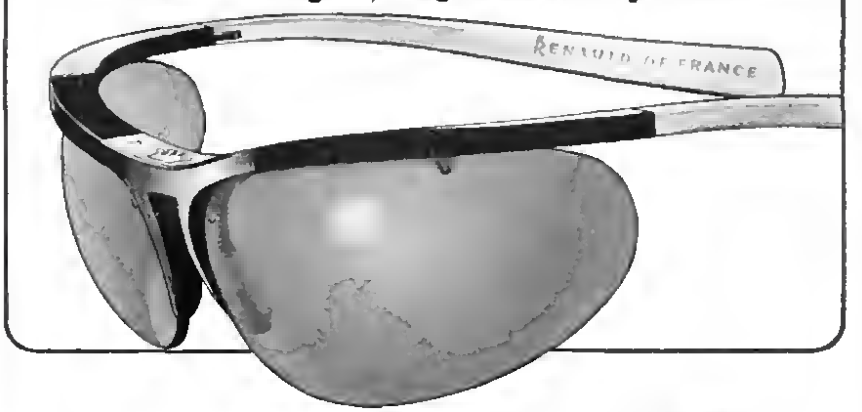

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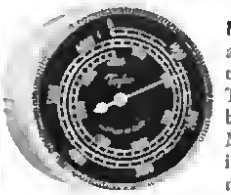

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The way to a steady head is through the feet

When I was a boy just learning to play golf under Jack Grout at the Scioto Country Club in Columbus, Ohio, one of the first things he taught me was the importance of keeping my head still during the swing. This is a very difficult thing for beginners to learn, and the method used with me is the best I have ever encountered. It involves, oddly enough, the feet.

Mr. Grout made me hit hundreds—maybe even thousands—of five-iron shots before I was allowed to start hitting woods at all, and here is what I was practicing. I would take my stance and plant my heels solidly on the ground. Then I would hit the five-iron, trying not to lift either foot. It was simply a flat-footed swing. On the backswing I would roll the left ankle in toward the right, and on the downswing roll the right ankle toward the left. The inside edge of each shoe would bite into the ground, but my feet would remain stationary. What this did was keep me squarely over the ball and make it almost impossible for me to shift my body or head. Now, as the beginner progresses, he can gradually lift his left heel off the ground as the club goes back and turn the right foot up onto the toes during the follow-through and still be able to keep his head steady throughout the swing.

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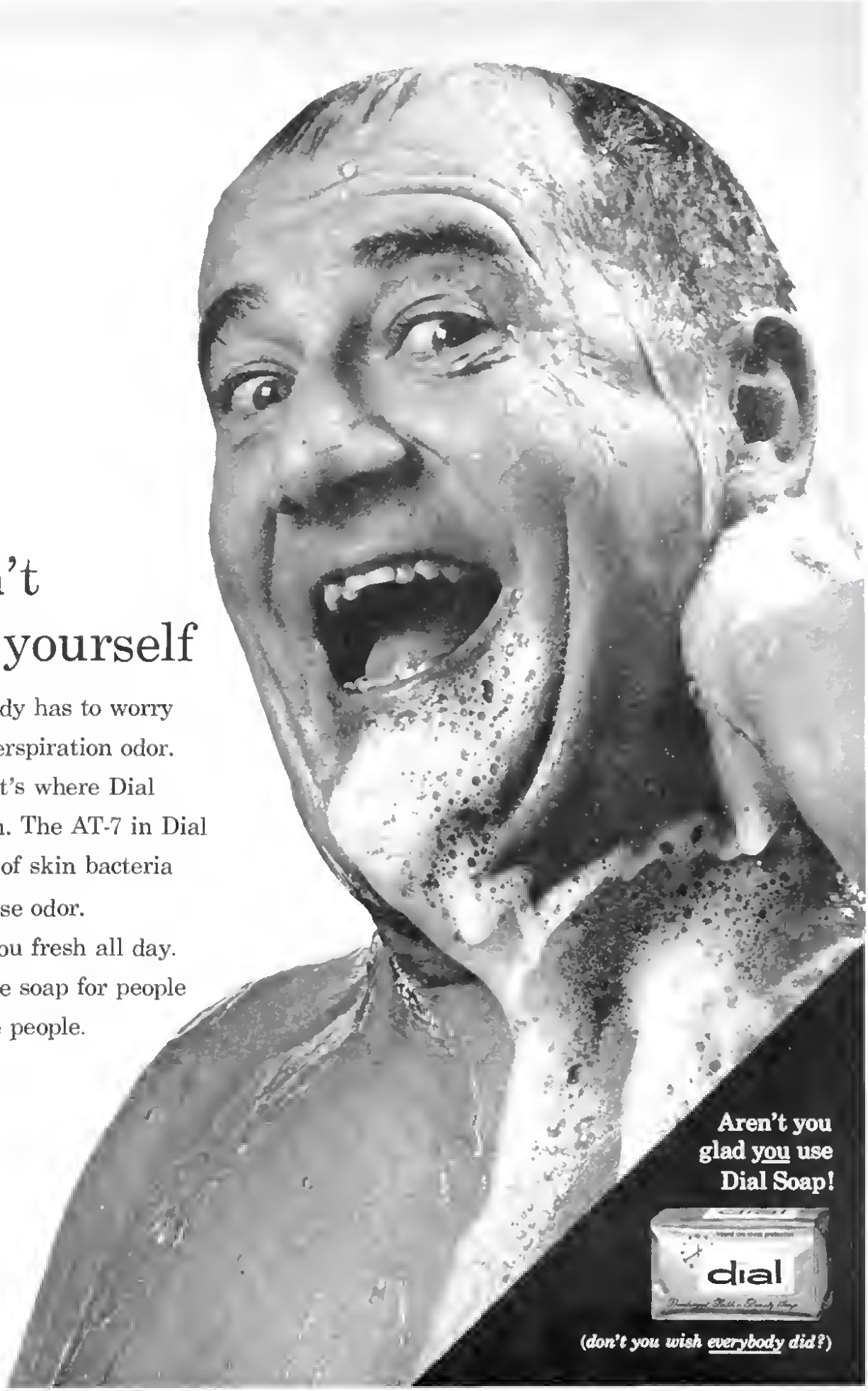
Drawings by Francis Golden

Both feet should remain completely on the ground throughout the practice shot. At the top of the backswing (above) the left ankle will turn in, but the heel should not be raised. In the follow-through (left) the right ankle will turn, but again the heel should not rise.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(don't you wish everybody did?)

'OUCH' AT THE T-BIRD *continued from page 17*

—although it was not truly a comeback try—was that of 50-year-old Ben Hogan. Its end was hardly as satisfying as Palmer's. The brilliant Hogan was once The Hawk, but time makes pigeons of the best of men. Not since May of 1962 had Hogan played in a major tournament. Last March 9 he underwent surgery on his back to correct a lingering bone ailment that had bothered him since his near-fatal automobile accident in 1949. His convalescence kept him out of the Masters tournament, and he did not bother to file an entry for the U.S. Open because he assumed his game would not be in shape. But he recovered rapidly from the operation, and a necessary business trip to New York led him to enter the Thunderbird.

Hogan finished tied for 25th, with a creditable enough 285, but this was not the Hogan of even a year ago. He walks the fairways slowly now, and there is a trace of a paunch on the middle that was once flat as a putter face. He is more mellow, too, and more friendly—though there was a flash of the old Hogan perverseness as he repeatedly avoided a gaggle of radio men who pursued him for interviews. But the Thunderbird seemed to mark the end of his really serious golf. "I've been playing awful here," he said as the tournament neared its end. "But I didn't expect to do anything. I don't miss the old days anymore. I'm enjoying the business of making golf clubs. It has replaced the kick I once got out of tournaments. Playing golf is an eight-hour-a-day job. I can't give it that much time, and I wouldn't if I could. I still love competition, but after 15 or 20 years it gets wearing. I'll probably play in a few more tournaments, but I'll play just as I did here—to see old friends and say hello. Everyone has to quit sometime. You run out of gas."

If four-time U.S. Open Champion Hogan was running out of gas at 50, the hefty defending Open Champion Jack Nicklaus was, at 23, running into trouble. Already this year Jack had been bothered by bursitis of the hip. Then last Friday, while tearing into a tee shot on the third hole of the second round, a muscle in the upper part of his back, just off the left side of his neck, went pop! almost like a champagne cork. The day had been a cold one, and Nicklaus had not been wearing a sweater over his thin white golf shirt when he teed off at the brisk, early hour of 9:54. The chill may have caused a muscle spasm. He was able to finish out his round, turning in a 72, but by the time he sidled off the 18th green his right shoulder was hitched up in obvious pain.

He hurried to the club's training room, where he took a heat treatment under an infra-red lamp and received a shoulder massage and pummeling that would have disabled an elephant. All the while medical bulletins were being issued, keyed to the notion that a man who cannot turn his head is not going to win a U.S. Open. Roughly an hour later Jack emerged to the public view, setting a scene that staid Westchester will not soon forget. He was wearing a natty white blazer, and a towel was debonairly wrapped about his neck like a scarf. He was preceded by a man excitedly trying to get him to say a few words into a microphone, and followed by an entourage. He looked like a fading matinee idol on his way to his last opening, and the spectacle must have amused even him.

The pain in the neck was not amusing. The next morning he took more heat treatments and said he would play in the U.S. Open if he had to do it on crutches. Then he slipped into a high-neck golf shirt, a woolen turtleneck dickie that his mother knitted for him several years ago—he carries it in his golf bag in case of cold weather—and the blue alpaca sweater he should have been wearing a day earlier, and hit some practice shots. "I didn't feel even a twinge," he reported, and he decided that he would not have to withdraw from the Thunderbird. He shot a 71 that afternoon. The fact that he eventually finished tied for 22nd was unimportant. The big thing was that he appeared to have survived a scare and was ready to be a pain in the pocketbook for the rest of the field at Brookline.

Thus the Thunderbird, in spite of its distracting timing in the golf schedule, turned out to be a most interesting event. No tournament will have a better field this year, and few will be played in a better setting than the Westchester Country Club. A total of 50,000 spectators attended the four days of competition, and they were a surprisingly knowing golf crowd, generally appreciative of what they were observing. There is reason to hope the Thunderbird will become a strong, permanent event on the tour even if it will be a long time matching the excitement it produced last Sunday.

Successful though the tournament was, it did leave one spectator disappointed. Her hopes no doubt buoyed by the presence of such aged and semilegendary figures as Hogan, Jimmy Demaret and Sam Snead, a middle-aged lady rushed up to a marshal who was patrolling the 18th fairway.

"When will Bobby Jones be coming up to this hole?" she asked. **END**

BILL HARTACK *continued from page 15*

Hartack is so repulsed by such a harmless nickname. Hartack's own position is consummately simple. "Willie is not my name," he says. "That's all there is to it. Willie never was my name. So when people call me by that name, I don't get mad. I just don't answer them." To someone who calls him Willie and gets a cold shoulder, the shade of difference may be hardly worth mentioning. Indeed, there is an indefinable something about Hartack that seems to lend itself to errors of nomenclature. His agent refers to him as Hardtack, and one of his oldest friends and warmest admirers in Chicago calls him Hartrack.

The palliative for all such grievances, as Hartack himself says, is to win. At the Balmoral meeting, Hartack's 150% attention to winning paid off. To be sure, he started the meeting slowly, rusty from his three-week layoff, and to make matters worse, Herb Hinojosa jumped into a strong lead by riding six winners on opening day. But Hartack came on inexorably. Four days before the end of the meeting, he was tied for the lead. And when the ninth race ended last Saturday and the Balmoral meeting bestirred itself toward Arlington Park like some huge equine circus on the move, Bill Hartack was the leading jockey.

Were any of the trainers watching? You know they were. As patient Agent Murty mused contentedly: "This is a winner's business. It won't take long to bring the trainers back in the fold. They're beginning to notice: my boy is *Hartack* again." **END**

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LORDS OF FUN AND

Every weekday morning at 10:15 a cheerful middle-aged man named Johnny Olsen bounds up the aisle of NBC's Studio 6B in New York to warm up the audience attending the telecast of a program called *Play Your Hunch*. One of the first principles of warming up an audience is to make sure everyone applauds, and Olsen relentlessly ferrets out delinquents during commercials. Not long ago he upbraided a man who hadn't been clapping. The man showed Olsen his empty right sleeve. "Well, snap your fingers," Olsen told him. "Everybody works on this show. It's a wing-a-ding-a-ding-a-ding-ding." In more reverent moments Olsen reminds the audience that *Play Your Hunch* "is brought to you by two very talented gentlemen who give us more enjoyment

Photographs by Mark Kauffman

Mark Goodson (left) and Bill Todman have more than 125 million Americans watching and playing their games each week. As the inventors of contests that demand mild wit and skill and make participants of viewers, they are now the Pooh-Bahs of playland

BY GILBERT ROGIN

GAMES

on TV than anyone else—Mark Goodson and Bill Todman. Ring-a-ding-a-ding-a-ding-ding." Out of a sense of duty or appreciation the studio audience invariably applauds, although, as Mark Goodson has remarked, "We're kind of faceless celebrities. When people see us together they say, 'What? You guys actually exist? I thought you were like the Smith Brothers.'"

Whether Goodson and Todman give us more enjoyment on TV than anyone else is arguable, but they certainly give us more TV—almost twice as much as any other independent packager or producer, 17½ hours a week. Each of their 35 half-hour shows concludes with the credit: "A Mark Goodson Bill Todman Production." In case the mouth readers are slow getting the message, an announcer recites it at the same time. Early in

continued

their partnership Goodson and Todman billed themselves as Todman and Goodson every other month. "It was a point of ego more than intelligence," Bill Todman admits. Nevertheless, their names present an almost insuperable phonetic obstacle. Goodson once purchased a pair of shoes at Saks Fifth Avenue, signing the charge slip "Mark Goodson." "Thank you, Mr. Todson," the clerk said. "Mr. Todman is my partner," Goodson said. "I'm Mark Goodson," "I'm sorry, Mr. Goodman," the clerk said. "No," said Goodson, "it's Goodson and Todman." "Yes, I know," said the clerk. "I adore and respect all the Godson and Toodson shows."

Physically, Goodson, 48, and Todman, 47, present no problem. "I have been called 'lean and alert,'" Todman says, "Mark 'gentle and round.' One writer compared me to an Irish wolfhound. An Irish wolfhound! A Russian wolfhound, maybe, but an Irish wolfhound?" Both are of modest height and have careful, resonant voices. Both worry about their weight, Goodson because he feels he is too heavy, Todman because he feels he is too light. Todman is more articulate than Goodson about his weight problem and, indeed, all health matters; at one time he contemplated becoming a doctor. "I have a terribly, terribly great regard for medicine," Todman says. ("Illness disturbs Mark," one of their friends says, "but it kind of refreshes Bill. It brings out all the best in him.") Both Goodson and Todman are modish, tanned and agreeably scented. In the dressing room that connects their offices on the 30th floor of New York's Seagram Building—its walls are covered with gray flannel and it is furnished with Directoire pieces and towels monogrammed "G-T"—there are seven varieties of cologne.

There are, at present, eight G-T programs on the air: *What's My Line?*, *To Tell the Truth*, *Password*, *I've Got a Secret*, *Play Your Hunch*, *The Price Is Right*, *Say When* and *The Match Game*. They are all game or audience-participation shows, in which contestants or panelists guess the value of merchandise (say, a home freezer or 100 cases of Yoo-Hoo Chocolate Drink) or someone's occupation ("I drill the holes in bowling balls") or someone's secret ("I invented a machine with 10,000 moving parts that do nothing") or someone's identity ("Will the real Joyce Shelley please stand up") or plain, ordinary words. G-T shows do not depend upon intellectual virtuosity as do quizzes, which have all but vanished from television, nor do they award great sums of money. On only one G-T program, *The Price Is Right*, where contestants have won merchandise worth $50,000, are the prizes of major value. "It's a game. Smile. Have fun," Bruno Zirato Jr., the associate producer of *To Tell the Truth*, which has a top prize of $333, begs his contestants. "You get at least $50. It's better than a kick in the head."

"Americans love games," says Bill Todman appreciatively. Indeed, *What's My Line?* has been on the air since 1950, *I've Got a Secret* since 1952, *To Tell the Truth* and *The Price Is Right* since 1956. G-T games have become part of popular culture if not the public domain. A recent crossword definition in *The New York Times* read: "Standard of size, à la *What's My Line?*" (Answer: breadbox.) Several political cartoons have utilized the famous *To Tell the Truth* tag line. In the 1960 presidential campaign, for instance, a cartoon depicting three Richard Nixons seated at a table was captioned: "Will the real Richard Nixon please stand up." The other day Todman was scowling at an ad for Mother's Gefilte Fish in *The New York Post*. It depicted a fish inquiring, "What's my line?" "What a nerve!" said Todman. "Last year that damn fish was saying, 'I've got a secret!' I'm going to call my lawyer. I want to stop this Mother."

Another indication of the popularity of G-T games is that the home version of *Password* is the biggest-selling box game in the U.S. In 1962 two million Password boxes were sold. The Milton Bradley Co., which puts out the boxes, expects to sell three million this year. G-T royalties on the boxes for November-December 1962 amounted to $70,000. Still another gauge of the shows' appeal is the more than $5 million G-T received when it sold *What's My Line?* to CBS and *I've Got a Secret* to CBS and Garry Moore in 1958. G-T continues to produce these programs, however. Their other packages are leased to the networks under long-term contracts.

G-T, which has offices in both New York and Hollywood, employs 150 people and grossed $20 million last year. Besides game shows, G-T (actually 19 separate corporations) packages filmed TV series, has extensive real estate holdings and owns four newspapers—the *Trentonian* (of Trenton, N.J.), the Elizabeth (N.J.) *Journal*, the Pawtucket (R.I.) *Times* and the Delaware County daily *Times* of Chester, Pa.—a Seattle radio station (KOL), and has an interest in Bernard Geis Associates, the book publishers.

On the basis of the Nielsen ratings, G-T programs are watched by 125 million Americans each week, and the majority of the shows command the largest audience in their time slot. *Password* is frequently the second-highest-ranked daytime show, the first is a CBS soap opera called *As the World Turns*. One G-T man has said: "Ratings never bother us at Goodson and Todman—unless they're bad." "If you don't get a rating—bye-bye, Charlie," says Goodson with feeling.

Since Goodson and Todman hooked up in 1946 they have said bye-bye, Charlie to *Winner Take All*, *Hit the Jackpot*, *Beat the Clock*, *Spin to Win*, *By Popular Demand*, *Rate Your Mate*, *It's News to Me*, *The Name's the Same*, *Two for the Money*, *Judge for Yourself*, *What's Going On?*, *Make the Connection*, *Choose Up Sides*, *Split Personality* and *Number Please*. The G-T filmed shows—*The Web*, *Jefferson Drum*, *The Rebel*, *Philip Marlowe* and *One Happy Family*—have all faded from the picture tubes over the years, too. "Americans can become disenchanted," says Todman. "They get that tired feeling."

"Like a familiar broad," says Goodson. "You look across the room at a cocktail party and one day you realize the broad you're with has had it."

"Yeah, like the first day," says Todman.

Beat the Clock still lingers in Great Britain and West Germany, however, while *The Rebel* is now being shown in Japan, Canada, Australia and Latin America. Versions of G-T shows, licensed or unauthorized, have been put on in almost every country that has a TV station. *What's My Line?* is at present playing on Formosan radio. "I don't know what kind of occupations they have in Formosa," Goodson says. "Rice planter, rice picker, rice eater. Rickshaw mender, that's a tough one." Some years ago Goodson saw a pirated copy of *What's My Line?* in Havana. He called on the producer and asked him where he got the show. "We took it from a kinescope of a show like it in New York," the Cuban affably explained. "I created this show," Goodson said. "You created this show?" the Cuban said. "You must be very intelligent."

Over the years Goodson and Todman have developed new game show techniques and formats which were startling to those brought up on *Uncle John's Question Bee* but now seem old hat. Even such signals as the bell and the buzzer, at present almost *de rigeur* on game shows, were G-T innovations. For their first show, *Winner Take All*, which appeared in 1946, Goodson created what he calls "the basketball technique," two or more people trying to answer the same question at the same time. "It was like throwing a basketball in the air and seeing who can get it first," Goodson says. *Winner Take All* was also the first program to hold a contestant over for subsequent shows until he was defeated. "Keep playing as long as you keep winning," Todman says. "I wrote that sentence. It's like king of the mountain." *What's My Line?* was a major advance. "A group of celebrities were put in opposition to the man from the street," Goodson says. "He became the puzzle rather than an abstraction. It was no longer an attempt to see what was in someone's brain. The panel show also brought into play extra-game conversations, bits and pieces of humor, *entremets*. The barbs became as important as the game." Even the furniture of panel shows was a daring novelty. "Tables and chairs were considered unique when we first used them," Todman says. "There was tremendous resistance." *Password*, which went on the air in 1961, represented yet another step forward, that of a celebrity playing with a contestant. Heretofore the celebrity and the contestant had always been in opposition.

Although the G-T games have become more ingenious, their basic appeal remains constant. Perhaps the primary attraction is what Todman calls "the unknown, the unwritten qualities of games." "Sports and our type of game are very close," Goodson adds. "They are based on reality, not fiction. When you watch a game you sense this is real, this is not Cary Grant cast in the role of a quarterback and I've seen this before. It has a life sense. The unexpected is why people like games." All G-T shows are either live or taped no more than a week in advance. The tapes are edited only in rare cases of obscenity or outrageous boredom.

Another reason for the game show's popularity, according to Todman, "is that the audience can identify vicariously with the dynamic few [the panelists], as the baseball fan identifies with Mantle or Mays. There is a continuity of recognizable players. They don't always have to be successful. Casey Stengel still has enormous appeal. The audience also has to be for certain people, against others, as in sport. The negative quality becomes positive."

"I have a theory," Goodson says, "that one of the main reasons men want to be contestants on our shows is that there is so little area left in life where they can be heroes. 'They'll never get me,' they say. 'Really, *I'm* going to beat them.' It's this illusion. Money is way down on the list of motivations. We get as many requests to get on *What's My Line?*, where the top prize is $50, as on *The Price Is Right*. Texans have offered me $5 for every dollar they win on our shows. It gives men a chance to show they can do something. It looks easy. They're middle-aged, have a pot belly, they can't be Mickey Mantle anymore. On an early radio show of mine a woman defeated an old man. The prize was a radio. I see the old man's very upset. 'I'm terribly sorry,' I told him. 'I don't care about the radio,' he said. 'Don't you understand? My son was listening! He's going to think I'm an idiot.' I felt very bad and walked him outside the studio. His chauffeur was waiting with his limousine.

"A show should also be a natural, hit at a kind of chord in a person where there's an instantaneous response. *The Price Is Right* has instant curiosity. What's something worth? It's a universal concept. *What's My Line?* What's a man do for a living?

Password was the closest to a genuinely made-up idea. It's a grandson of the charades concept but a tremendous improvement. The trouble with charades is that tricks and techniques of communication developed which were extra-game. On TV, too, they have celebrities competing against celebrities. Who cares who wins? We've forced the celebrity to communicate with a stranger at a level shared with the public. There is an essence in that game, a reaching out, a straining to communicate. It's like the dribble in basketball. It's a painful restriction. But the straining can't be too painful. That's why I felt the big quiz shows would have played out in six months even without the scandals. They were a gladiatorial contest. You lost and they threw you to the lions. Every week they would have to hypo it up, increase the flagellation, the sweating of the forehead."

Both Goodson and Todman are quick to defend the value and quality of their game shows. "We're not a dictatorship," Todman says. "The dial is as democratic as a vote. You don't have to like it, but to attack us. . . ."

"You don't walk up to the guy who runs a great French restaurant," Goodson says, "and tell him he's appealing to people's baser instincts. We have a strange, puritanical obsession with justification in America. We must justify every second. I hear, too, that TV has stopped conversation,

continued

reading. What were they talking about before TV? 'Hey, Joe, you want to go bowling?' 'Yeah, I want to go bowling.'

"*Password* is used in schools, for remedial work, to teach foreign languages, but it would be pretentious to claim educational collaterals for our shows. Entertainment is our contribution. We communicate without degrading. Our shows have taste and integrity. We are not Eugène Ionesco, Jean Genet, Samuel Beckett. We're trying to do *Oklahoma!* We want a large audience to stay in business and make money." "I love money," says Bill Todman. "It's a beautiful commodity."

"A good game show is far better than a stuffy, pretentious, second-rate documentary," Goodson says. "I say to hell with people who say, 'I hate those guys and I hate game shows.' It's like saying, 'I hate music, I hate plays.' What plays? What game shows? It's almost like racial prejudice. Judge the individual show! Newton Minow said TV was a vast wasteland. I presume he meant that too much time is given to light, frivolous shows, not enough time to educational, informative shows. But to what extent do you give people what's good for them? To what extent do you appeal to the majority, to the minority? You can extrapolate to political campaigns. Why give the people the President they want just because they want him?

"One of the secrets of our success is that we take the game show as seriously as if we were painting a Picasso, or making an ashtray. You can't say, 'Who cares about all those housewives?' The snobbery about game shows is Midcult snobbery. The real egghead doesn't tune in *Ben Casey* or *McHale's Navy*. He watches serious discussion shows, sporting events and our type of shows."

"The game show," says Todman, "is television's only unique, creative contribution to American culture."

Goodson and Todman do not accept outside ideas for their game shows. For one thing, there is the constant danger of becoming involved in lawsuits. For another, the average suggestion is so inadequate the creator makes it complicated to disguise his inept, hackneyed idea. "The sign of a good game," Todman says, "is when you don't have to explain it every day. The key is not simplicity, but apparent simplicity. *Password* looks like any idiot could have made it up, but we have 14 of our people working on that show. There is great complexity behind the screen. It requires great work to keep it simple."

"Our problem," says Goodson, "is that everyone thinks they're as good as us. The same person wouldn't call up a doctor when he's watching an operation on TV and say, 'Hey, doc, I think you ought to be cutting a little to the right there.' 'What is this business of Goodson and Todman?' people say. 'Four chairs behind a desk and a moderator and they get paid for it! Big deal!' Only when you try it yourself are you aware how difficult it is. '*Password*,' people say, 'how can you compare it to *Bonanza? Bonanza*'s got horses, it's got plot.' This very thing makes people treat our type of show with offhandedness. No one goes to the Yale School of Drama and says, 'I'm going to learn the

game show business.' It looks so ridiculous. Around the middle '50s, when we were making a lot of money, the networks said, why bother buying it from Goodson and Todman? CBS hired away one of our men and put him in charge of a game-show project. Not one of their programs succeeded.

"In 1940 I was doing a show called *Pop the Question* in the basement of a San Francisco newsreel theater. You threw darts at red, white and blue balloons. The balloons were worth different amounts of money, and if you burst one you got that much if you answered a question correctly. It ran a short, unremarkable time. A few months ago an adman wrote me that a friend of his had a great idea and I should examine it. The idea was for a show called *Pop the Question*. I told him I did it 23 years ago and it was terrible then. People on the outside have no idea how much we've come along."

"The secret ingredient of our business is creating and developing new games and keeping them fresh and live," Mark Goodson said the other day.

"Boredom is easy. Excitement is hard," said Bill Todman.

"The secret ingredient—" Goodson began again.

"*The Secret Ingredient*," Todman interrupted. "Good

A compass rose of Goodson-Todman MCs. From the northeast: Art James, Say When; *Bud Collyer*, To Tell the Truth; *Garry Moore*, I've Got a Secret; *Bill Cullen*, The Price Is Right. *Absent: John Daly*, What's My Line?; *Alan Ludden*, Password; *Robert Q. Lewis*, Play Your Hunch, *Gene Rayburn*, The Match Game.

title for a one-shot. Mark's secret ingredient is work, W-O-R-K."

"Just a second, Billy," Goodson said.

"Sorry, Marko," Todman said. "I just finished giving this guy the whole scoop on Mark Goodson. Now you're here and I'm inhibited." (Later, when Goodson had left the room, Todman added: "It's impossible for me to talk in the same room with him. I know he's not putting me down, but I sound silly to me. We really shouldn't try to overtalk each other.")

"May I finish?" Goodson asked, and went on. "When you start out to develop a game," he said, "you must hit on some new element to work on, not merely a carbon copy. The surest way not to be successful is to try to imitate a success. Oddly enough, people want to buy a brand-new, thoroughly established idea. What we did was to take the players' games and make them into watching games. Gin rummy is an excellent game, but not to watch. It's all internalized. We have to develop a game as players. The question is: Will it be amusing to watch as well? Meetings where people kick things around don't work. You must have something to start with."

A good example of this is the creative process behind *The Match Game*, G-T's newest program. In *The Match Game* two teams, each composed of two contestants and a celebrity, are rewarded if the answers of any two teammates match. Sample question: "Name an Ivy League college." If two or more teammates write down the same school, say, Harvard, they win points. "The essential concept we had," says Goodson, "was, can you come up with the most likely answer? It was the old Italian game of matching fingers or matchsticks. There is a certain amount of real skill involved. Once we determined that, we had to decide on the format. At first we had three people playing with one celebrity. We just sort of added the celebrity in. Each contestant would bid and risk points. It was full of bugs. We found that opponents were also partners. The celebrity never worked. What was he there for, anyway? And a betting game has little interest for an audience. They can't keep track. They don't know what's inside the contestant's head. People don't care about betting. They care about the answer. Then we came up with a system of elimination. We put six contestants in a room. Name an American President not living. Say three named Franklin Roosevelt. We eliminated the other three like in a spelling bee. We'd then ask a question to those who remained. The trouble with that, once you're down to three, two must match. It might take forever. It was impossible, plus the physical problem of getting people on and off without unnecessary movement. Then I came up with the team idea. The celebrities now had a reason; they were the team captains. The teammates were always partners. We still felt a lack, however, so we developed the idea of the audience match. Before the show the studio audience answers a question like, "Name a song Al Jolson made famous," and the teams try to guess the most frequent answer. It made for a change of pace. In essence, it allowed the viewing audience to say, 'You're all crazy.' It gave them a feeling of triumph if the contestants didn't get it. It was more definitive.

"Our people try this idea and that idea on me. We had a xylophone game idea. Hand the contestant a list of numbers. The keys of the xylophone are numbered. The idea is to hit the keys, following the numbers, and try to figure out what famous song you're playing. How about the parlor game where one person pretends to be a celebrity and you try to find out who he is by asking his opinion on various topics? Say I'm Jimmy Hoffa and you ask me about the New York Yankees—"

"Great idea," said Todman.

"Hold on, Billy," said Goodson.

"I think it's fascinating, but not for TV," said Todman.

"I'm Hoffa," Goodson continued. "I say, 'I think the Yankees are an industry that must be organized' and so on. There are two problems to this game. The man in the middle

continued

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has no point of view. Is he supposed to be helping you or hindering you? There's no direct conflict, and it skirts the edge of dangerous libel. Do we have a right to say what Liberace's views are?"

"Great idea," said Todman. "Great promise. Didn't play. Great challenge."

"*To Tell the Truth* has an interesting developmental line," Goodson said. "In 1953–1954, *What's My Line?* was going into a slight drop-off. I came up with a gimmick. Bring three people out. One of these is a psychiatrist, the others are impostors. Each panelist was allowed to ask each contestant one question. Then we'd make a phone call to someone and if he guessed correctly we'd give him money. It was lousy. It was going to cheapen the show. I'm convinced phone-call shows won't work anymore. You're trying to seduce an audience but you're only affecting a tiny minority. The audience doesn't tune in in the hope that they might be called, but to find out what happens when someone is called.

"Anyway, the ratings on *What's My Line?* picked up, so we put the gimmick aside. One day I thought, let's take that gimmick and make it into a show. In 1955 we discarded it on purely theoretical grounds. It was impossible. A panel would be so expert, how could three ordinary contestants ever get away with it?

"In 1956," Goodson said, "we hired Bob Stewart to work on *The Price Is Right*. We were kicking ideas around and I mentioned my gimmick. Stewart said it was fantastic, that he'd have three people in our office at 11 the next morning. We walked into the office, and sitting opposite us were three people. They all said their name was Jerry Something, that they used to sing with Frank Sinatra and that they were expert gardeners and painters. 'Boy,' I said, 'this is going to be a cinch.' We cross-examined them for 20 minutes. Then all of us picked the wrong one. I said it was a freak. The next day Stewart brought in three more. One of them had won a photography contest, received his award from Ike and worked for the fire department. We all picked wrong once again. Within a matter of five months the show was on the air. We worked on the format, how to score it. At first the studio audience voted by pushing a button. We cut it out. There was no time. No one cared about the audience anyway. We worked out little devices like the affidavit. Then came concepts of execution like how do you get the people to lie? Once, one contestant got so brainwashed he forgot his own name. Now we have a little card in front of them: my name is so-and-so, I work in a brewery."

According to Bob Rowe, who produces *Say When*, the ideal contestant should be "wholesome, have integrity, a good outlook on life, a certain degree of morality. He should have a face that displays that he's well adjusted and at peace with the world." Says Goodson: "If you want to cast a contestant whom the audience can identify with, be sympathetic to and understand, you wouldn't pick the guy who just inherited $10 million, whose real problem in life is whether to go to the south of France or the Far East and whose job is working to improve his golf game. The very poor are no good either. 'What do you do, sir?' 'I've been unemployed for five years but I'm working on a way to cure my glaucoma.' If the poor guy doesn't win it can be very painful. Here comes one in a wheelchair whose job is selling prosthetic devices. We don't take the blind or the maimed on our shows. Why should we introduce the element of macabre sympathy?

"Basically, we won't use ethnic caricatures. We won't use a Negro who's a Pullman porter or a maid, even if these jobs do represent the norm. We feel that obligation to a minority group. Southerners make the best contestants. They are raised on a tradition of talking. They are the most natural extroverts, they're gregarious, exposers. It goes up and down through all social grades.

"Doctors, soldiers, flyers, cops all make good contestants. Teachers are ambivalent. The audience likes them because they don't make much money but dislikes them because they represent childhood authority. Lawyers are unpopular. Think of all the negative pejorative terms. Teen-agers make rotten contestants. They are inhibited, shy, unwilling. The very young are cute, excellent players. And we get some great, garrulous

old people. Sometimes they can't hear, though, which isn't too good."

"In Mark Goodson," says Bill Todman, "you have one of the industry's greatest picker-overs. I'm primarily involved in being a sounding board. Basically, Mark's in charge of production, I handle the contracts, sales, economy, budget; the minutiae. We complement each other. Mark's a little more pessimistic. In a negative way he makes a very positive contribution. Mark and me are very interesting chemistry We argue constantly. If we both agree, one of us is not doing anything I am very, very beholden to my partner."

"I'm a pretty good comer-upper with ideas," says Goodson, "and I'm a shaper In the game field I go to the workroom and become an artisan. The hydraulic machinery used on *Password* The size of the printing in the words themselves. The position of the MC. The theme song The tone of the announcer's voice. I am concerned with the smallest detail Someone once asked me what I do in the film business. Worry, I told him. But I like to put on my suede shoes and walk through the studio.

Creativity requires two opposing tendencies. You have to be loose for ideas and critical for form. I am a person who is basically very critical. I am the chief pounder. I do constant breast-beating It's my Slavic spirit. I'm a perfectionist who, above all, hates to be exposed in public. I am more terrified of failure than anxious for success. If anything, I'm too critical I hate failure. I loathe it. This makes things difficult in my personal life. I don't ski or golf as a result. I don't do too many things. It may not make me such a great guy to live with I'm an introvert. I'm really afraid that people won't like me. I'm passive. In a group I'll go off in a corner if the rest of the people are doing something I can't do, rather than blunder. What I do, I do aggressively. I'm a darn good dancer I play the drums What I can't do, I retreat from rapidly. I'm never satisfied My lack of satisfaction is my greatest strength and my greatest weakness.

"I have a strong fraternal sense I like the sense of being connected to an organization. That's why I locked up with Todman I have a congenital need for partners, associates, though I may try to be dominant. Our shows require bouncing off. It's a social experience.

"I'm really quite helpless at a cocktail party, a real *schlepper*. I feel most comfortable of all in an office or the studio. I feel I belong there, I truly come to life. Bill is much better than I at small talk—his medical problems, Acapulco, rainfall. Bill is kind, generous, somewhat dismayed by me We have our own groups, but we are certainly friends He would be the man I'd come to instantly in time of trouble. My tendency is to give a man a raise according to his merit. The way to get a raise from Bill is to need it."

"I'm basically complex," Bill Todman says, "multifaceted. I have an exaggerated concern for our people I'm troubled when they come in with their problems Knowing a little about medicine has helped me If the other guy has pain, sorrow, he needs a pat on the back. I don't think the only time you should talk to another person is when he's done something wrong.

"I love the challenge of translating and transmitting an idea of ours to the unimitiated person on the outside. A game show is never a bound book It is looseleaf, rather. We are always adding and subtracting pages A live program is kind of an amoeba. It has the same genetic strain, but the highlights are constantly changing.

"I have a fantastically scientific mind, both environmentally and genetically. I come from a methodical background. I'm terribly, terribly orderly. This job is not easily put away. You go nowhere, meet no one who isn't an expert on what's good and bad in television. You're in the water spigot business: you close shop and you're not in the water spigot business. Here you're always in the office I like to fish, to hunt, to ride. I like my home, my family, my dogs I love broads, I'm a dope addict and that's all there is to it," he adds facetiously. "Mark may be more self-analytic, but I'm aware of me, too. I may seem more outgoing, but I may hold more in me."

Mark Goodson was born in Sacra-

continued

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mento and now lives in a New York apartment with his second wife, a former Miss Birmingham; he has three children. Bill Todman was born in New York and lives in the suburb of Scarsdale with his wife, a Georgian; he has two children. "East met West despite Mr. Kipling," Todman says.

"We were very poor," Goodson says of his childhood. "My father was a Russian immigrant, a masseur. When I was 14 he bought a chicken ranch in Hayward [Calif.] which failed miserably and he lost it in the Depression. My memory was always of where to eat, who would pay the rent, five-day-old bread, second-hand clothes. I loathed *that* idea. There was a whole feeling of catastrophe right around the corner. Then we moved to Berkeley, where Father, who was a health-food faddist, opened a health-food store. Money never became to me things I could buy; nor the ability to purchase a boat or 50 watches. Money to me gave me an overwhelmingly strange sense of security. It is a symbolic sense of achievement and control of the world. There's something I must confess, although it sounds cocky. Environment controlled me; I was helpless in it. I want to control it, have authority, not be at its mercy, have dignity.

"My parents were determined that I would become a lawyer. I went to the University of California, majored in economics and was Phi Beta Kappa. But when I graduated I got a job as a radio announcer in San Francisco at $30 a week. I went from there to a network job. First it was announcing, then little quiz shows and newscasting. Dad became reconciled. He was unhappy when I became a producer. He couldn't hear my voice."

Goodson eventually moved to New York. He was The Answer Man for a while, directed *Portia Faces Life* and wrote and directed the dramatic spots on *The Kate Smith Show*. For a time he was MC of a show called *The Jack Dempsey Sports Quiz*. "I didn't know anything about sports," he says. "I bluffed my way through for 26 weeks. Then they told me the real money was in describing ball games. I bought a book called *The Rules of Baseball*."

"This is another way of telling that Mark's a fraud," says Todman.

"I finally chickened out," Goodson says. "But I *knew* baseball theoretically."

"The first time Mark took his son to a ball game it was the first time for Mark, too," Todman says. "But Mark explained baseball to him. It's a very warm story."

Bill Todman was born and raised on Park Avenue. His father is Frederick Selden Todman, one of the top men in brokerage accounting. He went to private schools, military academy, Europe in the summers. "I was privileged," he says. "It can be detrimental as well as helpful." Todman attended Johns Hopkins, took a premed course and got his B.S. in chemistry and psychology. Since he had written for the school paper he talked his way into a job as a junior copywriter with a small ad agency in the CBS building. "I was making very tiny money," he says, "so I ate in the cafeteria where the radio people hung out and got a job to free-lance a couple of scripts." Eventually Todman became the head writer and director for *The Connie Boswell Show*.

Goodson and Todman met in 1941 on a show called *The Battle of the Boroughs*. "Mark had an idea for a show called *Winner Takes All*," Todman recalls. "I changed it to *Winner Take All*. We auditioned the show for $15 including breakfast at Longchamps. And we went our way. In 1946 I called Mark. 'I got a sale,' I told him. *Winner Take All* was on for three 15-minute periods a week and $150.

"Mark once asked me, 'What drives you?' " Todman says. " 'The same as what drives you,' I said. I've competed against my environment, too; to match it or surpass it. I want achievement, too. The little guy with the nice adequate way will always be the little guy with the nice adequate way. I once told Mark, 'One day we really ought to sit down, take our shirts off and try to figure where we're going.' Do we want to build or do we want to stay where we are? There's a whole, big world out there, not just show business."

"We have yet to find our truest expression," says Mark Goodson. **END**

YESTERDAY

He Rowed the Wrong Way to Win

Joe Burk's style was strange, but it did *not* hamper him at Henley

by PAUL STEWART

In June 1939 Joe Burk, a 25-year-old apple farmer with a unique rowing style, went to England to defend his Diamond Sculls championship in the Henley Royal Regatta. Before leaving the U.S. the determined and square-jawed Burk had promised Christy Walsh, sports director of the New York World's Fair, that he would bring back the famed Diamond Sculls trophy to display at the Fair's Academy of Sports.

It seemed at the time as if Burk would have no trouble making good on his promise. When he had won the trophy—considered the world's single sculling championship—the year before, he had set a record of eight minutes and two seconds. This broke the 33-year-old mark for the mile-and-five-sixteenths race by eight seconds, and established Burk as the world's best sculler.

Because of his unorthodox style, the American newspapers nicknamed Burk the "rowing robot." A perfectionist and always in superb condition, the lean (6 feet 2½ inches and 195 pounds) and well-muscled Burk usually maintained a continuous 40-stroke-per-minute beat throughout an entire race. This was nearly 10 more strokes than the traditional style of sculling. Burk also remained erect while rowing, virtually eliminating the layback (orthodox scullers lean back when stroking). Burk relied mainly on his powerful arms and legs.

After three preliminary heats on successive days, with Burk winning his trials easily, the finals of the Diamond Sculls began on Saturday, July 8, during a light, chilly rain and strong headwinds. The race was rowed upstream on the Thames, and the current was stronger than usual

continued

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because of the heavy rains that year.

Burk's opponent in the final race was R. Verey, a finely conditioned athlete from Poland. Verey went into a two-length lead at the start of the race and held this advantage until the quarter-mile mark. Then Burk, stroking at 40, chopped Verey's lead down to a length and a quarter at the half-mile post.

"I was creeping up on him," says Burk, "when I suddenly crashed into the wooden booms that line the course from start to finish." The impact of the unexpected collision swung the fragile scull around and almost tossed the startled Burk into the Thames.

"I wasn't paying much attention to my steering," says Burk, "and on that narrow course [about 80 feet in width] headwinds can cause a disastrous mistake. The collision cost me about three lengths. My shell was intact, and I still had a chance to overtake Verey, but by this time he really was opening a lead on me. However, I was only a length behind him at the three-quarter-mile mark, when I started to tire fast. I guess I had overextended myself after the collision. If Verey saw how tired I was, he would have stroked harder to push me to total exhaustion. But I thought I could outwit him by faking it when I rowed past him."

As Burk caught up to Verey, he looked over at him and smiled. Then he quickly turned his face away and stroked past the Polish sculler. It worked—at least temporarily—as Verey lost a length over the next 100 yards and finally, with a quarter mile to go, was almost 2½ lengths behind Burk.

At that point, Verey's coach, pedaling alongside of the river on a bicycle, noticed Burk's fatigue, and shouted loudly to Verey to row harder. Pulling up his strokes, Verey slowly and steadily began to close the gap between the two sculls.

Burk held on somehow, losing power all the while, and, with Verey drawing closer and closer, went over the finish line the winner by a length and a quarter.

"If the race had been just a little bit longer, and Verey had kept his fast pace up, he would have passed me," says Burk. "I was exhausted."

Although no one knew it at the time, Joe Burk had brought the Diamond Sculls trophy back to the U.S. for a seven-year stay. With World War II intervening, the 1939 race was the last one to be held until 1946. **END**

BASEBALL'S WEEK

THE PLAYER In mid-July of 1960 the Giants called up from their Tacoma farm club a 22-year-old Dominican right-hander named Juan Marichal, who promptly came within four outs of immortality and a no-hitter against the Phils. Despite 45 victories in less than three seasons since that day, the closest Marichal had come to another no-hitter was the one Sandy Koufax threw *against* the Giants in May. Until last Saturday. Then it was Camera Day in Candlestick Park, and some Giant fans asked Juan if he would please pitch a no-hitter for them. So Juan did. He faced only 29 batters and beat the Houston Colt .45s 1–0, scoring his 10th victory of the year and sixth in a row, No. 9 having been a shutout of the hated Dodgers just four days before. Juan Marichal was not born when the great Carl Hubbell pitched the last Giant no-hitter on May 8, 1929, but he refused to get excited "until the last inning." "Then," he said, after striking out the last two batters, "I got a feeling that I can't describe."

JUAN MARICHAL

THE PLAYER On May 12 Boston's Dick Radatz surrendered a home run to Don Lock, an event that may someday enshrine the Washington outfielder as the only .257 hitter in the Hall of Fame. For that was the last run scored off Radatz, the 6-foot 5-inch, 245-pound Red Sox reliever in more than a month. In 14 appearances spanning 33 innings, he allowed only 11 hits and seven walks. Last week he pitched six innings one day and 8⅔ innings 48 hours later. He won both games, took two days off, and came in against the Orioles with no outs and the bases loaded. Three pitches later the side was retired. One newspaper unashamedly started referring to 1963 as the Radatzian Age. In the spring Radatz was too heavy. He changed his motion to support the extra load and hurt his back. But Trainer Jack Fadden remembered that eventually the backbone is connected to the foot bone, and gave Radatz an arch support. It cured his back and the Radatzian Age came into flower.

DICK RADATZ

THE TEAM It was June, historically a month of horror for the Giants. Their annual swoon was upon them, they had lost seven games in a row and Manager Alvin Dark seemed to have lost more than just a few ball games; his uniform pants, left in the clubhouse, were found to be full of rips and tears. Asked to compare his three top pitchers (Marichal, Jack Sanford and Billy D'Dell) with the Dodgers' Don Drysdale, Sandy Koufax and Johnny Podres, Dark moaned: "Our three boys haven't had a shutout and those Dodgers have had six. A pennant contender needs a shutout now and then." From that moment Giant pitchers held opponents to a .124 batting average, won six straight games, and June turned into the loveliest month of the year. Marichal blanked the Dodgers and no-hit the Colts. Sanford and D'Dell won a pair of 2–1 games, and Bob Bolin struck out 14 men in a 3–1 victory. It was fortunate that the pitchers were producing, because the team batting average for the six games was only .208. Orlando Cepeda hit what he considered the hardest home run of his life, but most of the punch was supplied by Willie McCovey, who in one two-day period had three homers and all six Giant RBIs.

THE TEAM As easy as trading a comic mask for a tragic one, the Cleveland Indians moved from one extreme to the other. No sooner had they lost nine of 10 games to fall 9½ games off the pace than they turned around and won 12 of 14 to rush to within 3½ games of the top. Last week they won seven and lost just one, but found themselves wearing a slightly tragic look when Rookie of the Year Vic Davalillo's right arm was broken by a pitched ball. "Only suckers complain," Manager Birdie Tebbetts said to his team. "When these things happen, you other players have to make up for it." Joe Azcue—given a chance to play when Catcher Johnny Romano broke his finger—had already filled one void, hitting .343 as Romano's sub. Now Jerry Kindall got into the act. Coming off the bench for Davalillo, he got three hits that day and added a homer later. Willie Kirkland gave up smoking and hit three home runs to win two games. Pedro Ramos returned to action after three weeks and retired the first 20 men he faced. "Joe Adcock and I are going to have to start hitting more doubles and triples to make up for Davalillo," said Woodie Held. That night, Held got a double and triple.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

THE WEEK	W	L	BA	OPP. BA	RUNS	OPP RUNS	HR	ERA
SAN FRANCISCO	6	1	.198	183	18	9	9	1.14
ST. LOUIS	4	2	.330	251	34	24	4	3.60
LOS ANGELES	4	3	.300	266	31	24	2	3.43
MILWAUKEE	4	3	.229	253	31	24	5	3.26
NEW YORK	4	3	.232	290	32	40	8	4.79
PHILADELPHIA	4	4	.272	.255	35	36	8	4.71
CINCINNATI	4	4	.261	.221	31	31	7	3.88
CHICAGO	2	5	.234	.240	20	29	7	3.54
HOUSTON	2	5	.180	.223	13	20	3	3.00
PITTSBURGH	1	5	.211	.268	12	20	4	3.18

THE SEASON*	NO. OF GAMES	BATTING 1962	BATTING 1963	NOME RUNS 1962	NOME RUNS 1963	ERA 1962	ERA 1963
SAN FRANCISCO	63	.287	.239	81	73	3.67	2.86
ST. LOUIS	62	.279	.281	48	54	3.69	3.64
LOS ANGELES	62	.278	.252	53	36	3.90	2.97
CHICAGO	63	.256	.239	64	51	4.94	2.77
CINCINNATI	60	.266	.241	60	38	4.29	3.62
MILWAUKEE	61	.248	.237	60	49	3.66	3.35
PITTSBURGH	60	.269	.249	44	44	3.41	2.97
PHILADELPHIA	61	.264	.244	57	38	4.78	3.51
HOUSTON	63	.249	.217	50	25	3.38	3.46
NEW YORK	63	.243	.208	58	40	5.15	4.05

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	W	L	BA	OPP. BA	RUNS	OPP. RUNS	HR	ERA
CLEVELAND	7	1	.262	.220	45	28	13	2.63
BOSTON	5	1	.223	.197	28	20	10	2.53
NEW YORK	5	2	.272	.218	33	14	10	1.86
LOS ANGELES	4	3	.287	.224	36	22	8	3.00
MINNESOTA	4	3	.300	.300	37	37	8	4.21
CHICAGO	3	3	.264	.267	19	23	4	3.50
KANSAS CITY	3	5	.268	.318	33	43	4	5.22
WASHINGTON	2	6	.169	.253	19	35	6	3.46
BALTIMORE	1	5	.232	.276	17	27	2	4.03
DETROIT	1	6	.244	.238	24	44	9	4.97

	NO. OF GAMES	BATTING 1962	BATTING 1963	NOME RUNS 1962	NOME RUNS 1963	ERA 1962	ERA 1963
NEW YORK	55	.248	.256	66	72	3.49	3.44
CHICAGO	61	.254	.253	36	47	4.47	3.12
BALTIMORE	60	.240	.249	60	58	4.22	3.38
MINNESOTA	59	.265	.240	67	63	3.92	3.18
BOSTON	54	.249	.248	49	57	4.37	3.86
CLEVELAND	56	.262	.238	75	53	4.16	4.06
KANSAS CITY	59	.258	.248	37	34	5.09	4.05
LOS ANGELES	64	.258	.248	54	49	4.03	3.44
DETROIT	58	.251	.241	60	56	4.15	3.87
WASHINGTON	64	.248	.217	60	51	4.37	4.10

*through Saturday, June 15

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BOXING—In his first defense of the world junior welterweight title, the Philippines' Roberto Cruz looked more like a punching bag than a champion. Before 25,000 fans in Manila, EDDIE PERKINS of Chicago, who held the title for three months last year but lost it on a decision to now-retired Duilio Loi on Dec. 15, landed blows on Cruz at will to win a unanimous decision in 15 rounds.

FLYING—The world's second and third most famous Jacquelines—Cochran and Auriol—have been carrying on an aeronautical war for the women's speed record since 1951. This week JACQUELINE AURIOL, the 44-year-old daughter-in-law of former French President Vincent Auriol, piloted her Mirage III jet 2,030 kilometers per hour (the equivalent of 1,261 mph) to regain the 100-kilometer closed-course record from American Aviatrix Jacqueline Cochran, who sped 1,203 mph last May.

GOLF—After a four-week layoff ARNOLD PALMER returned to the links and hushed his all-too-eager critics by winning the $100,000 Thunderbird Classic in Harrison, N.Y. on the first hole of a sudden-death playoff with Paul Harney, from Worcester, Mass. (*see page 16*) Palmer blew a four-foot putt on the final hole to end up in a tie with Harney at 277 after 72 holes, but then sank a four-footer for the $25,000 top prize money to move into second place with $56,545 behind leading money winner Jack Nicklaus. Defending Champion Gene Littler made a gallant charge but couldn't hold the pace and ended up third with 278, while Bill Collins and Dow Finsterwald tied for fourth, one stroke back.

HARNESS RACING—Favorite MEADOW SKIPPER ($3.80) with Del Miller in charge, grounded Fly By Byrd in the last 30 yards and triumphed by half a length in the $35,237 Commodore Purse at Roosevelt Raceway.

Earlier in the week at Roosevelt, Gene Sears drove STEPHAN SMITH ($7.20) to a two-length victory in the $25,000 Dr. Stanton Pace, achieving this year's fastest time for a mile over a half-mile track with 1:58 4/5 (one second off the world record). Henry T. Adios scampered in second, ahead of his brother and the favorite Irvin Paul.

HORSE RACING—After only two victories in 20 starts, a 40-to-1 long shot named B. MAJOR ($81.20), with Ray Broussard up, stood off a stretch drive by favorite Candy Spots to win the $113,333 Chicagoan at Washington Park by a neck. Get Around took third-place money of $15,000. By stashing away $68,333 for the win, the Elmendorf Farm colt almost tripled his previous earnings of $37,255.

George D. Widener's revitalized CREWMAN ($3.80), with Eric Guerin in the saddle, showed that he was a 3-year-old to be reckoned with as he trampled to a four-length triumph over Hot Dust in the $41,300 Leonard Richards Stakes at Delaware Park.

On a dry, dusty day ashore at Hollywood Park, NATIVE DIVER ($9), with Ralph Neves aboard, easily beat Pirate Cove to the wire, while favorite Windy Sea sank in the stretch and finished out of the money in the $54,950 Inglewood Handicap.

Mrs. Frank E. Power's Irish-bred POLLINGFOLD ($18.90), ridden by Willie Harmatz, upset favorite Tutankhamen in the $27,800 Bowling Green Handicap at Aqueduct. Mrs. H. C. Phipps's Royal Record, who won the Bowling Green last year, was the sentimental choice since he was trained by retiring SUNNY JIM FITZSIMMONS, but, alas, he trotted in fourth. But just as in the fairy tales the retiring master closed out his brilliant career with a victory as KING'S STORY won the Miss Woodford Stakes at Monmouth Park.

Canadian Industrialist E. P. Taylor annexed his eighth Queen's Plate triumph as Manuel Ycaza rode favorite CANEBORA ($8.40) to victory over 18 other Canadian 3-year-olds in the $79,850 event at Toronto's Woodbine track.

MOTORCYCLING—"I had a pleasant, uneventful ride and the bike went extremely well," said modest MIKE HAILWOOD, the 23-year-old son of millionaire Oxford Motor Dealer Stanley Hailwood, after he beat 65 others across the finish line of the rugged, mountainous Isle of Man course to win the senior Tourist Trophy race. Mike, astride his scarlet MV-Agusta, averaged a record 104.6 mph over the six-lap (226.5 miles) circuit, while John Hartle buzzed across the line two minutes later (2:11:01.8) for second place.

MOTOR SPORTS—Le Mans' France's 24-hour speed and endurance race, turned out to be a Ferrari festival as the Italian cars captured the first six places, with LUDOVICO SCARFIOTTI and LORENZO BANDINI going a record distance of 2,834.1 miles (old mark: 2,781.7) at an average speed of 118.1 mph. The race was marred by the death of Bino Heinz of Brazil, who was trapped and burned in his Alpine after it collided with a car that was out of control. In a special category, Richie Ginther and Graham Hill bettered expectations in their turbine-powered Rover by finishing at an average speed of 108 mph.

ROWING—After a dismal season in which neither its varsity nor its freshmen had managed to win a single race, NAVY came close to sweeping the seas at the all-important IRA championships on New York's Onondaga Lake (*see page 44*). The Middies led all the way to the last half mile in the varsity race, but a last-ditch effort by the heavily favored defending champions from Cornell cost Navy this one victory. The Big Red crossed the line half a length in front, with surprising MIT in third place, California fourth and previously undicated Washington a dismal seventh. In the jayvee and freshmen races the Middies swamped the finishes to take The Jim Ten Eyck Memorial Trophy for best overall performance in the regatta.

The 98th edition of the Yale-Harvard regatta in New London left Yale men crimson as HARVARD took all events for new Head Coach Henry Parker, with the big but inexperienced (five sophomores) Cantab varsity winning by seven shell lengths, the jayvees by four lengths and the undefeated freshmen by three lengths. Rubbing salt in the wound, the Crimson even captured the combination race, composed of rowers who failed to make either the varsity, jayvee or freshmen crews.

SKIING—The U.S. Ski Association put together what looked like its strongest OLYMPIC ALPINE TEAM yet by naming Jimmy Heuga, Bill Marolt and Buddy Werner of the University of Colorado, Chuck Ferries of the University of Denver, Gordy Eaton of Middlebury, Rip McManus of the U.S. Army, Billy Kidd of Stowe, Vt., and Stockton (Calif.) high school senior Ni Orsi Jr. to represent the U.S. at Innsbruck. Competing in the women's Alpine events will be Barbara Ferries of Houghton, Mich., Joan Hannah, Franconia, N.H., Linda Meyers, Bishop, Calif., Jean Saubert, Lakeview, Ore., Margo Walters, Salt Lake City; and Starr Walton, Sacramento, Calif. Two definite places on the NORDIC TEAM also were filled, with Mike Elliott of Durango, Colo. and John Bower of Auburn, Me. named.

TENNIS—Oddly enough, play in the Davis Cup American Zone opened in the Middle East (Teheran) but the displaced U.S. team did not even lose a set in trouncing host Iran 5-0. They played to a crowd which included the embattled Shah, who—during the cup play at least—was able to keep his harassed government from being overthrown. Meanwhile in South America, ECUADOR edged toward the second round of the American Zone with a 2-1 lead over Trinidad. In European Zone play, surprising SWEDEN upset Yugoslavia, SOUTH AFRICA beat Denmark, SPAIN trounced France, and BRITAIN ended Russian hopes of conquest 4-1.

TRACK & FIELD—Paced by Julio Marin's two victories and his fourth-place finish, USC wrapped up its 22nd NCAA track title in Albuquerque, with Stanford finishing in second place, 19 points back at 42, and defending champion Oregon in third with 41 (*see page 46*). Arizona State University's Henry Carr scored an individual triumph when he came back from his defeat by Stanford's Larry Questad in the 100-yard dash to equal the world record in the 220 with a 20.5 effort, while USC's Rex Cawley ran the 440-yard hurdles in 49.6 for a new American and collegiate record.

Cantabrigian TOM BLODGETT, a turncoat Harvard student, won three events to pace the CAMBRIDGE-OXFORD track team to a 9-8 victory in London over the rival Harvard-Yale squad at the annual meet.

MILEPOSTS—DIED: EARL SUTTON SMITH, 66, of a liver ailment, in Little Rock, Ark. Dubbed "Oil" by onetime Sportswriter Westbrook Pegler because of the way Bronx fans pronounced his name, Earl was one of John McGraw's catchers when the New York Giants beat the Yankees in two straight World Series (1921–22). He had a 12-year career batting average of .303, batted over .300 five times and reached a high of .346 with the Pirates in 1926.

DIED: VICE ADMIRAL JOHN H. BROWN, 71, All-America guard on the 1913 Navy football team and the first Midshipman elected to the Hall of Fame, at his home in Middletown, Del. Admiral Brown, a specialist in submarine warfare, ended 43 years of service when he retired in 1954 as the commandant of the Fourth Naval District to be named later in the year president of the National Football Foundation.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

28—Sheedy and Long; 35, 37—drawings by Eldridge Knight; 41—UPI; 44—Tony Triolo; 61—AP; 62—(top) Wide World, AP; (bottom) Los Angeles Times; 63—Victor de Salvatore.

FACES IN THE CROWD

JANICE RINEHART, 18, an attractive Abilene sprinter, has been burning up the Texas tracks with a 100-yard sprint in 10.9 and a 220 in 25.4. Janice, who has been outrunning opponents since she was 13, is being called the state's finest track prospect since Babe Didrikson.

GOETZ KLOPFER, a sophomore at Michigan's Wayne State, heeled and toed his way to victory over nine others to win the state's AAU 12-kilometer walking race, despite being stopped by a Detroit patrol car and issued a $5 ticket for "walking on the road."

KOKI (Tatho) **NAYA,** 23-year-old, 300-pound Japanese sumo wrestler, lorced all 15 opponents to the mat for a record sixth straight tournament win. Tatho has 11 victories, one shy of the all-time record, and he has three chances left to add to his triumphs before the year ends.

BERNICE STEADMAN, of Flint, Mich., took off from Welland, Ont. in a Piper Comanche, with Mary Clark as her co-pilot, and after enduring rain and electrical storms, touched down in Hollywood, Fla. the winner of the 1,420-mile Women's International Air Race.

JOHN TIOBALL, a Van Nuys (Calif.) High School senior, reached the finals of the Los Angeles schoolboy tennis championships, only to face his younger brother Steve, a junior. In the first all-brother finals and seventh meeting, John chalked up victory No. 4.

ALAN YOUNG, who was a three-sport letterman in his sophomore year at Brown, repeated the feat in his junior year and was rewarded by being elected the co-captain of two varsity teams (soccer and baseball). Alan has a 3.0 average and has made the dean's list twice.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

BOILING OIL

Sirs:

I am heartily ashamed of you! You yourselves have become the prime example of what you were talking about regarding the moral crisis in sport (May 20)

In your coverage of the Indianapolis "500" (*Close Call for a Jones Boy*, June 10) you take the position that Chief Steward Harlan Fengler was justified in not black-flagging Parnelli Jones for the sole reason that Jones was leading the race at the time. I quote "He presumably would have black-flagged the Jones car if it had been out of serious contention."

The black flag is not intended to help the leader win nor the laggard lose; it is intended solely to safeguard *all* of the contestants, regardless of position. As Jimmy Clark said, "I would much rather be second than dead." Fortunately, in this particular case the resulting spins were not fatal (except perhaps to those car owners' pocketbooks), but the fact remains: a safety flag's use should be based solely on the matter of safety and not be decided by an impromptu trackside lobbying session—in this case by the leading car's owner!

GORDON HARVIN GLASS

Newport Beach, Calif.

Sirs:

Sour grapes to Kenneth Rudeen. In one breath he strengthens the position of a wishy-washy track official (Steward Fengler) and then adds gross insult to injury with some sentimental slop about not depriving Parnelli Jones of racing's richest plum for *just* spewing oil all over the track.

Then Rudeen follows with a *coup de grâce* of circumlocution and rationalization by saying, in effect, the Lotus-Fords finished higher than anyone thought they would in the first place, so why gripe?

To summarize, Rudeen castigates Eddie Sachs as a very emotional driver, placates the very fine Chapman-Clark team and raises high the pedestal for Parnelli Jones, winner by virtue of a double standard.

WILLIAM T. BATES

Rutledge, Pa.

Sirs:

Do you also believe that a fighter who happens to be leading on points should not be penalized for a foul blow?

ROBERT CRICHTON

Toronto

Sirs:

Throughout the article it is repeated that it would have been a shame if Jones had been black-flagged. Sports fans feel it is a shame to see many things happen in their favorite sports. I am sure Met fans are sorry to see their team lose, and feel that it is a shame it had to happen. However, I am positive that even the most die-hard fans would balk at seeing their team stretch the rules in order to win.

BOB EIDEN

Chicago

● Hidden behind all this exhaust smoke is the fact that Chapman and Clark, who stood to lose the most, concurred with Steward Fengler's decision not to black-flag Jones's car, and Lotus-Ford's Benson Ford told Fengler he made a "fine decision."—ED.

ROUND YACHT CLUB OF VALLE DE BRAVO

PIT CHAMP

Sirs:

I thought your readers might be interested in the identity of one of Jimmy Clark's wheel changers—the one shown in your picture with the upraised arm, indicating that he had completed his part of the pit procedure in 20 seconds, 12.3 seconds ahead of the others. Had the other pit attendants done their work in 20 seconds, Clark would have emerged 1.3 seconds ahead of Jones.

The lad is Jim Gardner, former Duke football star who played in the Orange Bowl and was drafted by the Cleveland Browns. Jim is an expert mechanic and has worked at Indianapolis for five years (mostly on the Novis during the time Lew Welch was building them). Jim comes by his interest in the Indianapolis races naturally and follows in the footsteps of his father, "Radio" Gardner, who was one of Lew Welch's mechanics for some 20 years and who is responsible for a number of time-saving procedures in the pits.

P. G. PETRY

Portsmouth, Ohio

DREAM COME TRUE

Sirs:

A few issues back you published California Architect Bill Ficker's plans for the "Ideal Yacht Club" (April 22). Here is a photograph (*left*) of a club I designed and built (together with Architect Jesus Garcia Collantes) along very similar plans, although on a different scale and with different building materials. It is now the headquarters for the Club Náutico Mexicano of Valle de Bravo, Mexico, about 100 miles southwest of Mexico City.

This club differs from Ficker's in that it is built on Styrofoam floats, because the water level in this lake varies 100 feet, and in that the boats (in this case Flying Dutchmen) can be winched out of the water for storage in a matter of seconds.

It has, on the main floor, 24 boat spaces, a surrounding walkway, benches with lockers under them and a central clubhouse. On the second floor it has men's and women's dressing rooms with showers, etc. and a card-playing room.

VICTOR DE LA LAMA

Mexico City

CADENCES

Sirs:

Harvardman Tom Mayer's article on lightweight oarsmen (*The Cadences of Crew*, June 10) was so realistically written that I could feel myself trying to follow the stroke right along with him. The diets, the prerace tension, the "garbaging up" after the race, were all described by a true oarsman. Thank you for the wonderful story on rowing.

GARY WOOD

Kirkland, Wash.

Sirs:

My "shirt" to Tom Mayer, to Harvey Schmidt for the flow and rhythm in his rowing paintings, to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED for its fine coverage.

MAURY GROSSMAN

Beverly Hills, Calif.

THE GOOD AND THE BAD

Sirs:

After reading its significant articles for a second time I have come to the conclusion

continued

how to be lazy

without being shiftless

It's easy — if you're driving an Evinrude Lark or Starflite outboard motor.

Both have push-button shifting — the new kind of electric boat control that makes driving a boat as easy as dreaming about it — and twice as much fun!

One button for forward. One button for neutral. One for reverse.

Now you can sit back — and let your finger do the docking.

Let your dealer show you how. Look him up in the Yellow Pages. Ask for free catalog, or write Evinrude Motors, 4106 N. 27th Street, Milwaukee 16, Wis.

2-Year Warranty

EVINRUDE

FIRST IN OUTBOARDS

that your June 3 issue is an extremely fine one. Coming hard on the heels of persistent evidence of the moral decay in the world of sport, it is a most encouraging tonic, renewing faith in mankind.

Three articles in particular are notable: 1) the fine article by Sargent Shriver (*The Moral Force of Sport*) points out government's role in sport, so often dismissed as insignificant, and notes the advantages and successes, politically as well as competitively, that can be achieved; 2) Jack Olsen's story of Bob Hope (*All Kinds of a Nut about Sports*) typifies the type of support the world of sport thrives on, combining love for man with that for the game; and 3) Tex Maule's story on Peter Snell (*A Spirit that Wrecked a Computer*), which exemplifies the real meaning of what is good in sport. Snell's spirit of competition and drive is, after all, the best possible example of what it is that keeps men running faster—or climbing higher—driving harder and winning.

KARL H. HUTZLER

Glendale, N.Y.

Sirs:

Sargent Shriver's report was truly notable in that it exemplified what sport should be—but isn't.

However, no matter what degree of good our Peace Corps volunteers achieve, the American people will be apathetic. Pitifully and disgustingly apathetic. We have lost all concept of what sport stands for, just as we have lost all concept of what anything not related to the dollar sign stands for.

In 1964 we will lose the Olympics. Not because of inferior athletes, but because Americans just don't support amateur athletics or the Olympic Committee as much as they support professionals. So, in effect, if we do lose, it will be by default.

What the remedy to the situation is no one knows. There probably is none—at least, not until this society of ours detaches itself from its current concepts and practices. For the present it is a comfortable feeling knowing of the work Sargent Shriver's "scrappers" are doing.

EDDIE LESNICK

Philadelphia

Sirs:

Recently, here in Rio de Janeiro, the world championship basketball tournament took place. The details and results of this competition are heralded in newspapers throughout the world; winning this tournament is more highly regarded than the coveted gold medal in the Olympics. In 1959 it was won by Brazil. The U.S. placed second with a fourth-rate service team.

This year the hardheaded American organizers tactlessly, eliminated us from the running. We lost to Yugoslavia, Russia and finally Brazil, and each time the crowd of over 20,000 booed our players from the court.

The U.S., due either to its NCAA-AAU war or its conceit in sending poor players and coaches to represent the "King of Basketball," as the U.S. is called, has just thrown away at least $5 million worth of Alliance for Progress prestige. We gracelessly tore down what had so carefully been built.

Where is our pride? And chiefly, where is our image? I can give no more excuses. I know what we possess in the U.S., but what does the world think when we are so shamefully represented?

ARTHUR E. BYRNES

Rio de Janeiro

SLIPPERY ISSUE

Sirs:

First in 1961 SPORTS ILLUSTRATED said that the pitchers were getting clubbed for all those homers because they were throwing a "lively" ball. Now in 1963 you say the hitters are being stymied by those same pitchers because they are throwing the spitball (*The Spitter Is Back*, June 3).

If all goes according to schedule, during the 1965 season you will accuse Cletis and Ken Boyer, Bobby Richardson, Nellie Fox, Ken Hubbs and many other fielding stars of putting a new magnet in their gloves to rob hitters of base hits. Ford Frick should outlaw the curve ball because it's hard to hit.

JAMES TIDWELL

Moore, Okla.

Sirs:

As intrigued as we were by the 1,003rd use for "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly (we already have 1,002 classified and unclassified), we must take exception to the incorrect usage of the "Vaseline" trademark in your article, *The Spitter Is Back*, where it was used generically.

We stand ready, willing and able to ship carloads as required to any and all ball clubs in both leagues. Maybe even make it radioactive for umpire detection under black lights. Possibly even impregnate cloth with it to give the poor pitcher a break.

But, please, please, "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly, O.K.?

RICHARD K. VAN NOSTRAND
Vice President
Chesebrough-Pond's Inc.

New York City

ANGEL ON HIGH

Sirs:

After reading your magazine for about a year, my vigilance was finally rewarded. I'm referring to your article, *Albie Pearson: The Littlest Angel* (May 27).

I'm probably one of the many L.A. Angel fans who can afford a box seat but prefers the center-field bleachers.

SHERYL TROUGHTON

Alhambra, Calif.

Rambler Classic—already America's largest selling 6-cylinder wagon—now available with a 198-hp V-8

Three kinds of "carryall" space...plus six-footer room in Rambler's Classic vacation wagons, 6 or V-8

Carry up to 80 cubic feet of gear inside this roomy Rambler. Load more on its Roof-Top Travel Rack. And find space for valuables in a hidden cargo-floor compartment.

Six-footers have plenty of room for relaxed traveling. Optional Airliner Reclining Seats adjust to five comfortable positions; easily make up into Twin Travel Beds.

A Rambler Cross Country takes you vacationing with solid, sedan-like comfort. That's because its Advanced Unit Construction uses one-piece steel unisides instead of many rattle-prone small parts.

Rambler's exclusive side-hinged tail-gate door is standard on 3-seat models, optional on 2-seaters. A new electric Power-Lift tail-gate window is optional. And all this comes with your choice of a Classic Six or a new 198-hp V-8 (that costs less than many other Sixes). Five transmission options—including new Twin-Stick Floor Shift. See Rambler—America's favorite vacation wagon. Wide choice of sedans, wagons, hardtops; convertible, too!

American Motors—Dedicated to Excellence

RAMBLER 6 or V-8

Winner of Motor Trend Megezine Award, "CAR OF THE YEAR"

Some people think all Gin-and-tonics are alike. **Not so.**

A gin-and-tonic is only as good as the ingredients that go into it.

The tangiest, most zestful gin-and-tonics are made with Seagram's Extra Dry Gin: the gin with a hard core of dryness and smoothness.

Seagram's Gin is guided through a costly extra step that removes excess sweetness and perfumery. A step that endows the gin with a pale amber glint.

This amber glint is proof that the gin is *ready*. Dry of flavor, smooth of taste.

Aren't *you* ready for a Seagram Gin-and-Tonic—right now?

SEAGRAM'S EXTRA DRY GIN

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C. 90 PROOF DISTILLED DRY GIN. DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN